THE BYSTANDER.
VOL. XVI.—No. 210.

DECEMBER 11, 1907

[With Supplements

The BYSTANDER

6d CHRISTMAS and Anniversary NUMBER. 6d

Though, after glancing through the pages of this issue, it will hardly be possible to look anything else

(Photograph of Miss Pauline Chase, by Bassano)

No. 210.—Vol. XVI

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Also given away with this Number:

A 32-Page Christmas and Birthday Fiction Supplement

CONTAINING STORIES BY

FORD MADOX HUEFFER, LEONARD MERRICK, LEONARD FLEMMING, and BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL, and a Colour Supplement, entitled "MISCHIEF."

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

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"Moles and their Meaning." By Harry de Windt. (Pearson: 1*s.*)
"Antinous and other Poems." By Montague Summers. (Sisleys: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Inclinations." By Edward A. Storer. (Sisleys: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Seals." By W. De Gray-Birch. (Methuen: 25*s.* net.)
"The Crimes of Urbain Grandier and Others." By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Romance of the King's Navy." By Edward Fraser. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)
"The Romance of the King's Army." By A. B. Tucker. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)
"The Lord of Latimer Street." By Jane Wardle. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"I Heard a Child Singing." By Veronica Mason. (Mathews: 1*s.* net.)
"Life's Desert Way." By Kineton Parkes. (The Moorland Press: 6*s.*)
"The Light Eternal." By Peter Posegger. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"Leaves from the Journal of Sir G. Smart." By H. B. and C. L. E. Cox. (Longmans: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Photographic Almanac." Edited by George E. Brown, F.I.C. (Greenwood: 1*s.* net.)
"Whose Home is the Wilderness." By William J. Long. (Ginn: 5*s.* net.)
The Badminton Magazine (December).
"Granford." By Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan: 5*s.* net.)
"The White Rose Mystery." By Gerald Biss. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Lady Lilian's Luck." By De Brémont. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Unpardonable Sin." By James Douglas. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"The Happy Moralist." By Hubert Bland. (Werner Laurie: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Old Peabody Pew." By K. D. Wiggin. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Master Beast." By Horace W. C. Newte. (Rebman: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Firelight Fancies." By Wallace B. Nichols. (Tallis Press: 4*s.* 6*d.*)
"Highways and Byways in Kent." By Walter Jerrold. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

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Signature.....

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NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8s. 2d. (for 52 weeks) and for 14s. 1d. (for 26 weeks) you receive THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" (CHRISTMAS NUMBER) are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, by Inland Parcel Post, 3*d.* per copy. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Foreword

Again this is our Christmas and our Birthday Number. It is practically impossible to disguise the fact, and we shall not attempt to. Were it but an ordinary Christmas Number, we might try. It is not. It is the best Christmas Number. Nor is that all, as might be supposed by the casual reader. No. We should not be at all satisfied if we were merely "the Best."

The Claims of Modesty

All the other Christmas Numbers are that. They must be. Their Advertisement Managers would have a shock if they were not. The Proprietors would see that they had a shock. That is what proprietors are for. But our Manager will have no trouble, for we are not only—as we have stated—the Best, but we are also THE BYSTANDER. In other words, though an atmosphere of Christmas envelopes us; though the festive feeling permeates our pages; though pictures of a suitably Christmassy order may be coming (Kindly buy us at the Bookstall before you ascertain. It is fairer); yet through it all we remain Ourselves. What that means, we hesitate to say. A thousand compliments spring to our pen, but they are all inadequate. Besides, there is Modesty to be considered. We had—for the moment—forgotten Modesty.

The Year's Achievements

Well, and why shouldn't we? When we think of our achievements during the past year it seems foolish to be bashful. We have much pleasure, then, in announcing that we have saved Crosby Hall for the nation. It is in the City somewhere, and historically interesting. The welcome we have extended to the Kaiser, King Alfonso, and King Haakon has, we believe, been much appreciated and is likely for some time to come to ensure the peace of nations. The Suffragettes are indebted to us for many a little hint that will doubtless bear fruit. Our timely quotation of the famous lines beginning "Birds in their little nests agree" has had the effect of soothing a quarrel that threatened disaster to our Navy. Englishmen may sleep peacefully in their beds. Indeed, these are quite the best places in which to make an attempt to sleep at all.

Continued

For our Territorial Army scheme Mr. Haldane must be given some credit. In fact, he may have it all, until we have seen how it works. Thanks to us, on the other hand, there has been no Railway Strike. Of course, Mr. Lloyd-George was the actual mediator. But, then, we have often spoken well of his ability. Undoubtedly, the knowledge that this was so helped him through the crisis.

And Why Not?

"Well, 'ere's another thousand a year and one o' them American heiresses to you, Bill!"

(By H. HOPE READ)

Will Christmas Last?

Let us now consider some other subject. It is, or soon will be, Christmas. Dickens' experts—an increasing body, owing to the subscription only being a shilling—maintain that Dickens invented Christmas. Though not wholly true, the statement will pass muster. Christmas, as we know it, is a Dickens affair. How long it will remain so is another question. A Yule-log, when it is a permanent structure lighted by electricity, loses something of its old attraction, even if you had it made to crackle—for a few shillings extra. Again, to

OUR LITTLE ELVES

These little creatures visit us again this year. Watch them frolic around the borders of these pages, and see what mischievous sport they make of the topics of the day! (For further enlightenment see poem on p. 512.)

drink cocoa out of a Wassail-bowl seems not quite the thing.

The Bird of Peace

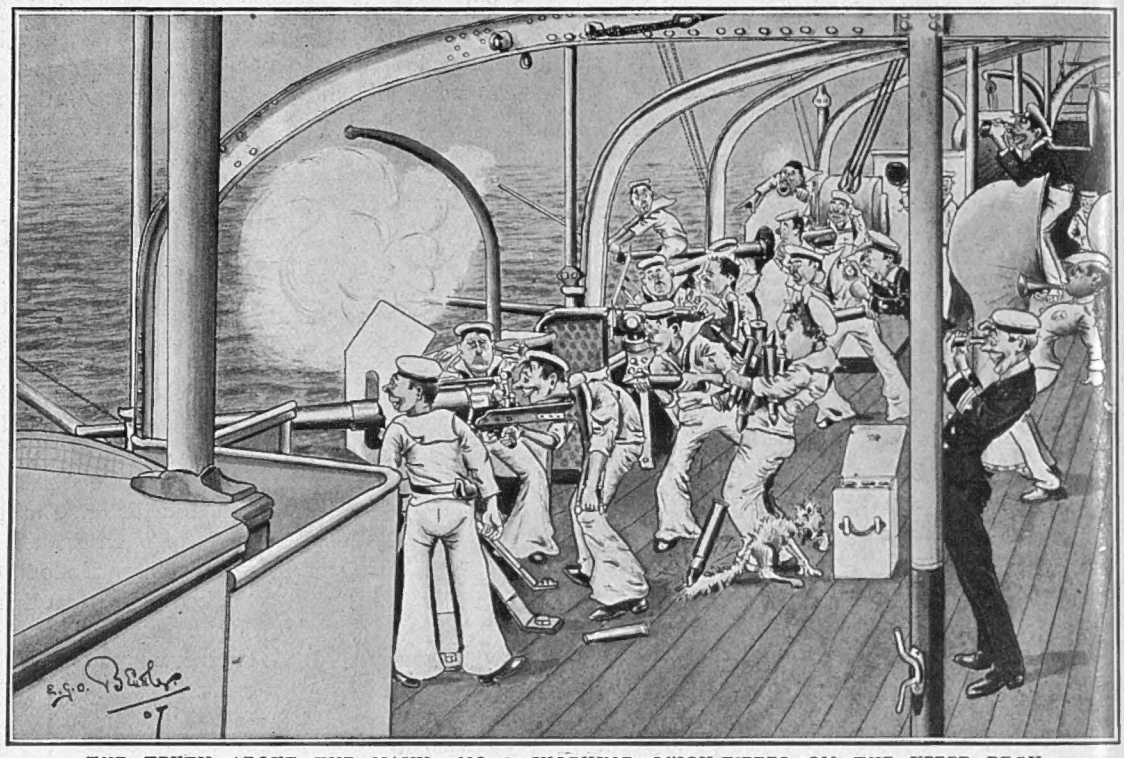
People with tired insides already protest against the Christmas dinner. "Why," they ask, "should we, for the sake of a sentiment worked up by a long-dead novelist, make ourselves ill?" Our answer is, "You should make yourself ill—if turkey and a glass of port will do it—not for the sake of a sentiment, but for the sake of a principle." That principle, which might vulgarly be termed "the Principle of the Bust," is a sane one. In these days of the tyranny of the Dietist and the Doctor it supplies the necessary outlet for our feelings. Without it there would be a revolution. A pea-fed host would march on Mr. Miles's restaurant and wreck it. Pale inmates of rest-cure establishments would rise and eat their physicians. In a fit of tigerish craving, Mr. Bernard Shaw might be found bolting his boots. The turkey, then, may be regarded as a Bird of Peace.

Turkey v. Vegetables

Moreover, it is a hospitable bird. You cannot entertain a large number of friends and relations off the same bean. You can off the same turkey. And so vegetarians can never have that feeling of fellowship which comes from knowing that you have all partaken of the same creature. Of course, they may not want it. They may not want their friends and relations to dinner. Their friends and relations may not want to come. But the Vegetarian loses by it. He will not have the pleasant thought that he has done his duty, and that there are twelve long months before Chistmas comes round again.

The Subject Changes to Burglars

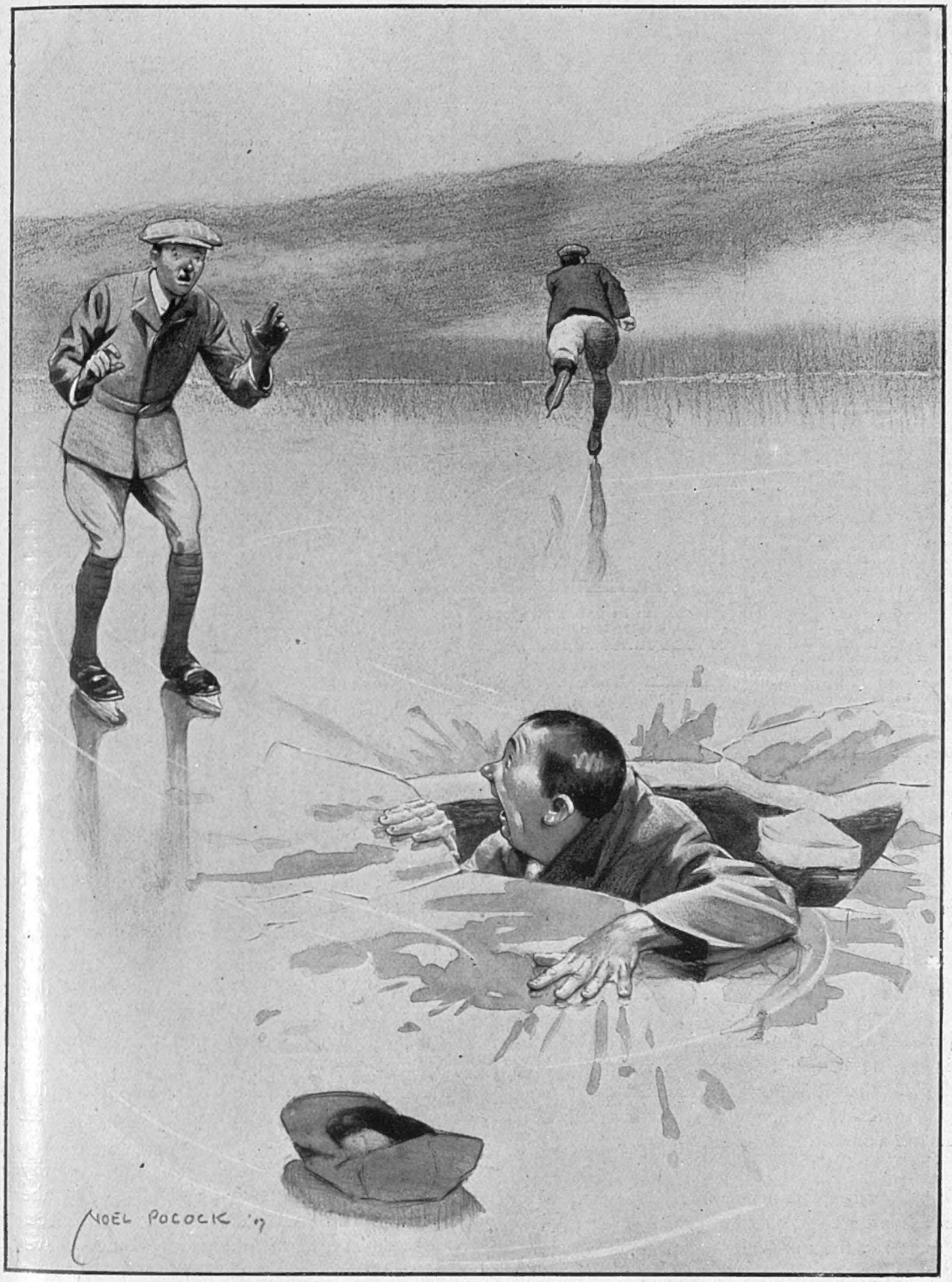
Once more the subject changes. (This is Lastly, by the way. At least we think so. We can't promise.) It strikes us that we ought to spare a thought for those who are not enjoying Christmas as much as we are. (Apropos, why does one talk so lightly of sparing a thought? It is the last thing most people can afford to give away.) These miserables include Postmen, Journalists, Cooks, M.P.'s, and Burglars. We have not time to consider them all. Let us select Burglars. They are much worthier characters than highwaymen were. We cannot regret highwaymen. It must have been a great nuisance to have to hand over all one's money without having even the prospect of getting in return a pamphlet on "How to Succeed," and then tramp through wintry snows because one's horses had been shot. Better the burglar's visit, when one has reached home swiftly, hanging to a strap. At least the poor man comes to us, and does not—if he can help it—disturb us. Yet he is harried by advancing civilisation. M. Bertillon's odious discovery has made him afraid of his own finger-tips. Policemen are constantly finding clues to him. His doings are chronicled in the *Daily Mail*. There is no Merry Christmas for him. While others are carolling away (or, rather, sending the carollers away) he is at his work. Perhaps he is upstairs now. Who knows? Let us leave him there. It is safer. And—as the Christmas Carols say—"A Right Cheery Yule-tide to ye all!" Curious how Christmas card-makers never can realise that "ye," when governed by a preposition, becomes "you." But it doesn't really matter.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: NO. I. WORKING QUICK-FIRERS ON THE UPPER DECK

In order to give the British Nation a fine, true, and accurate idea of the way the Navy works, and to explode, once for all, the scandalous attempts on the part of certain sea-lawyers to belittle their work, THE BYSTANDER's special and truthful artist-correspondent, Mr. E. G. O. Beuttler, was commissioned to depict realistic scenes in the Fleet. This is the first of a series of six drawings. P.S.—Please keep these pictures by you, for the series, when complete, will be worth a fabulous sum to future generations as the only real authentic record of the British Navy in 1907 (BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER)

Superfluous Advice



INTELLIGENT RESCUER: "Steady, old man, steady! Keep cool!"

BY NOEL POCOCK

Lessons in Journalese: No. I.

HOW TO DO A "STORY" (SAY "ROMEO AND JULIET") FOR THE "DAILY BLITHER"

SAD STORY FROM VERONA.

YOUNG COUPLE'S INFATUATION

INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON

DOUBLE SUICIDE

SON OF LORD MONTAGUE ONE OF THE VICTIMS

("DAILY BLITHER" SPECIAL)

VERONA, Monday.

A terrible discovery was made in the Public Cemetery here yesterday morning. Passing through the cemetery about 11 a.m., a priest named Laurence was astounded to find the family vault of the Capulets wide open, with a light burning inside. On going in he discovered, to his horror, the dead bodies of Miss Juliet Capulet, Count Paris, and the Hon. Romeo Montague, huddled together in a heap on the floor. The police were immediately communicated with, and the bodies removed to the mortuary to await formal identification. It will be remembered that only last Thursday the engagement of Miss Capulet to the young Count Paris was announced. On the following Wednesday, to the great grief and sorrow of the Count and her own family, Miss Capulet died—or, rather, apparently died—of heart failure. The sequel to this strange story proves once more—if, indeed, proof were needed—that Truth is almost invariably

STRANGER THAN FICTION

It appears that the unhappy Miss Capulet had some time ago contracted a secret marriage with the Hon. R. Montague, whom she had met at a dance at her father's house. Being afraid to tell her father—to whom, for family reasons, her chosen husband was obnoxious—she had feigned death in order to escape the second marriage with Count Paris, trusting, apparently, that, as soon as she had been placed in the vault, her husband would release her and they would be able to proceed on their honeymoon. Unfortunately for the success of the plot, the boy messenger, to whom Miss Capulet had entrusted the letter explaining matters to her husband (then at Mantua), missed his train.

The Hon. R. Montague, seeing an account of his wife's death in an evening paper, bought a pick-axe and a bottle of carbolic acid, with the object of gazing once more upon his dear one's face and dying by her side. [The pick-axe can be distinctly seen in the remarkable photo which was specially taken for the "DAILY BLITHER."]

It was nearly midnight when he reached the cemetery, and was just about to open the door of the vault, when he was interrupted by Count Paris, who had come to weep over the supposed

GRAVE OF HIS FIANCÉE

A question of precedence seems to have arisen, and in the quarrel which ensued the Count must have either received a mortal wound at the hands of young Montague—or run his head against the pick-axe in the dark. Death, in any case, was almost instantaneous. Entering the tomb, and dragging the Count's body after him, the young husband appears to have said his last farewell, and immediately afterwards to have drunk the poison he had brought with him.

Ten minutes later—but, alas! ten minutes too late to save the man she loved—Miss Capulet awoke from her trance, only to find her husband and her lover dead at her feet.

Overcome with grief, and, in all probability, only half awake to the awful thing she was about to do, the poor young wife unsheathed a dagger which her husband wore, plunged it into her breast, and fell dead at his feet. It was thus that the priest Laurence found them, but when questioned on the matter his answer is, "I can tell you nothing."

The scene in the cemetery. The Hon. R. Montague is marked with a cross (X). Inset is the last photograph of Miss Juliet Capulet.—("Daily Blither" photograph.)

ITEMS

Up to four o'clock yesterday afternoon, over 12,000 persons visited the cemetery. The average daily attendance is fifteen.

The vault of the Capulets is 14 ft. by 11 ft. 6 in. internally, and is built of Carrara marble throughout. Cost, £1,700.

As far as violent deaths in family vaults are concerned, the present tragedy creates a new record.

It is not generally known that the Hon. Romeo Montague was an expert Diabolo player. He is said to have thrown and caught the reel twenty-two times in one minute. His unhappy wife did not play.

The name of the ill-fated Count appears this morning in the list of winners of £230 in the "VERONA VAGABOND'S" *Competitione Limeric*. The money, of course, will not be paid.

[ANOTHER LESSON NEXT WEEK]

NEWS ITEMS

The Sultan of Morocco, whose estates are also being claimed, is reported to feel a good deal of sympathy with the Duke of Portland. In his opinion, however, the thing to do is not to keep the lead in the coffin, but to put it into the claimant.

* * *

Negotiations for the release of Kaid Maclean are still proceeding, and the work naturally presses pretty hardly on the British Legation. Experts, nevertheless, believe that Raisuli will in the end either die or tire of the Kaid's company, and that English diplomatists are assured of another triumph.

* * *

King Alfonso's winning manners have made themselves felt even in the hunting-field. Several foxes have quite lost their brushes to him.

* * *

In the Woman's Parliament which is to hold its first session in February next, Mrs. Pankhurst—says a contemporary—will act as "Mr. Speaker." But why this deference to man-made traditions? Surely "Mrs. Chatter" would be more in keeping with the movement.

* * *

If Votes for Women are not included in the next King's Speech, the Suffragettes are determined to hold a mass meeting in the Albert Hall. So that for one afternoon in the year, at any rate, politicians and police-magistrates may be sure of being able to work uninterrupted.

* * *

In the cause of charity, duchesses have, at times, sold kisses for half a guinea. Owing to the new Corrupt Practices Act, which prevents them from paying in money, many tradesmen are of opinion that cooks will expect them to follow the example of the duchesses. As usual, the law will press hardest on the most deserving and bashful men.

* * *

"An Intermittent Reader" asks us why our Christmas Number is published on December 11. We must confess to a lapse in this respect. By December 11, most newspaper readers have long forgotten the usual Christmas Numbers, which appeared with some regularity between June and October, and are, in fact, anticipating the Summer Numbers of periodicals due about the time of the New Year. Ye-es, "Intermittent Reader," to publish a Christmas Number about the middle of December is, to say the least of it, unconventional. But we hope that some of our readers will forgive us, for, though "things are not always what they seem," we hope our Christmas Number will be looked on as a Christmas Number.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES" AND THE PRESENT. A FURTHER COMPARISON.

BY F. GILLETT

A CHRISTMAS FABLE

(For the Tots)

Alec and Vera were six and seven respectively. They were very unhappy. Alec had eaten three helps of turkey, two gills of chestnut sauce and seven mince-pies. He had also swallowed the sixpence in the plum pudding. Vera, in her dis-ap-point-ment (disappointment) at not getting this coin, had left her own pudding untasted on her plate, and had pinched Alec under the table. Their wicked step-mother had sent them both to bed. How ter-i-bel (terrible)! But Vera said, "Perhaps our Fairy Godmother will appear and help us." "She will have to come quick, then," answered Alec. He had scarcely spoken the words when there was a rap on the door and a beautiful lady appeared.

"What do you desire, chicks?" she asked. (Chicks are little hens.)

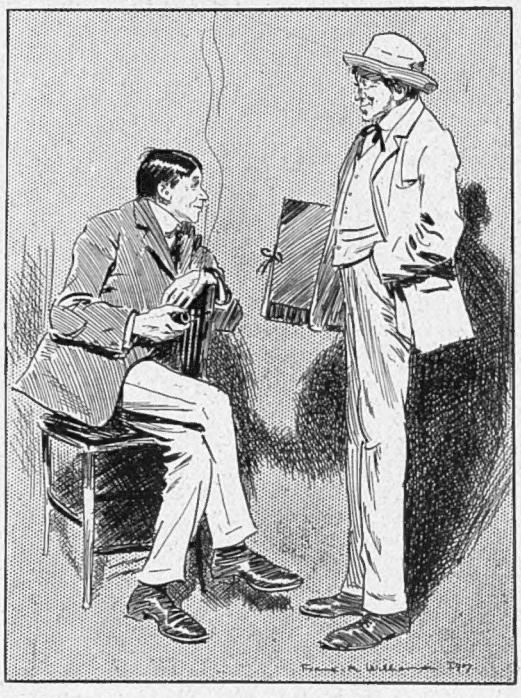
"I want to die," said Alec, ver-y simp-ly.

"Nonsense!" said Vera, who knew Fairies could do anything. "Alec only wants to have back something he has swallowed."

"He shall," said the Fairy, and, waving her wand, dis-ap-ered in-stantly. . . .

Later on, when Alec had been very, very ill, Susan, the kitchen-maid, found the sixpence in Vera's untasted pud-ding But Vera only found a but-ton.

Moral.—Not every little Boy has a Silver Lining.



Gone to the ——

"Always said that Madder Brown would do something great one day"

"Sold a picture to the nation?"

"Goodness, no! He's opened a Diabolo shop next door to a school" (By Frank M. Williamson)

Isaacstein's Xmas Limerick

(We heartily recommend those of our readers who are interested in this form of competition to enter for it. Isaacstein's "hand-made" Mistletoe is undoubtedly the finest on the market.)

There is a Berried plant known as "The Mistletoe"
Which sometimes may be seen growing on apple trees, don't you know?
But Isaacstein's "Hand-Made"
Is quite English and does not fade——

Rules.—Fill in the last line to rhyme with the first two, and enclose 10*s.* for a Sprig. In the event of your winning, Isaacstein will give you:—

(1) A country cottage for life, one pair motor goggles, one hunting breeches, one red coat, one spade, one hundred bulls, two foxes. County Society and "the simple life" will then be open to you.

(2) Or, a ticket entitling you to Life Membership of Isaacstein's Evening Dress Club. You will thereby gain the *entrée* to the London Smart Set.

(3) Or, Damages in not more than Three Breach of Promise Cases. This will give you great experience in the witness-box and elsewhere.

There will be Five Million Consolation Prizes. These will take the form of an autographed receipt from Isaacstein for the 10*s.* postal order.

Important Notice to Our Readers

Owing to the fact that this issue of The Bystander is unable to conform with the regulations of the Post Office with regard to newspapers, the postage rates will be somewhat altered. To any part of the United Kingdom, the paper will have to be sent by Inland Parcel Post, the price being 3*d.* For the Continent, abroad, and the Colonies, Book Post is the best method of transmission, the charge being 3½*d.* For Canada, the new Canadian rate should be used—viz., 1*d.* for 16oz.

THE DREAM ELVES

(Being an Exposition in Rhyme of our own particular "Devils")

Around these pages, at their Revels,
Reader, observe our Christmas Devils:
Each one the quaintest little Cuss
Not in the least like you—or Us—
Yet, if we watch them at their labours,
Really absurdly like our neighbours.

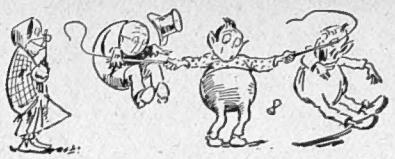
Say, Reader, have—or have we not—
Set eyes upon that phantom Yacht,
The best that ever Sailed the Teas
And, yet unbuilt, has faced a Breeze?
Can we have seen (most queer the sight is)
Those waves of spotted Pageantitis,
On which stout Mayors, arrayed in mystery
And crowns, ride forth—to teach us History?
Have we beheld those various fools
Toss with tense hands th' evasive spools
As though they thought some trick to learn
Which would postpone the Burial urn?

Perhaps we have—nor all unknown
Those Kings and Queens that next are shown;
Look at the sturdy Democrat
Who, save to Kings, won't doff his hat!
Look at his wife, who hours will wait
To see a Prince perambulate,
And then such loyal zeal evinces—
As though all prams did not hold Princes!

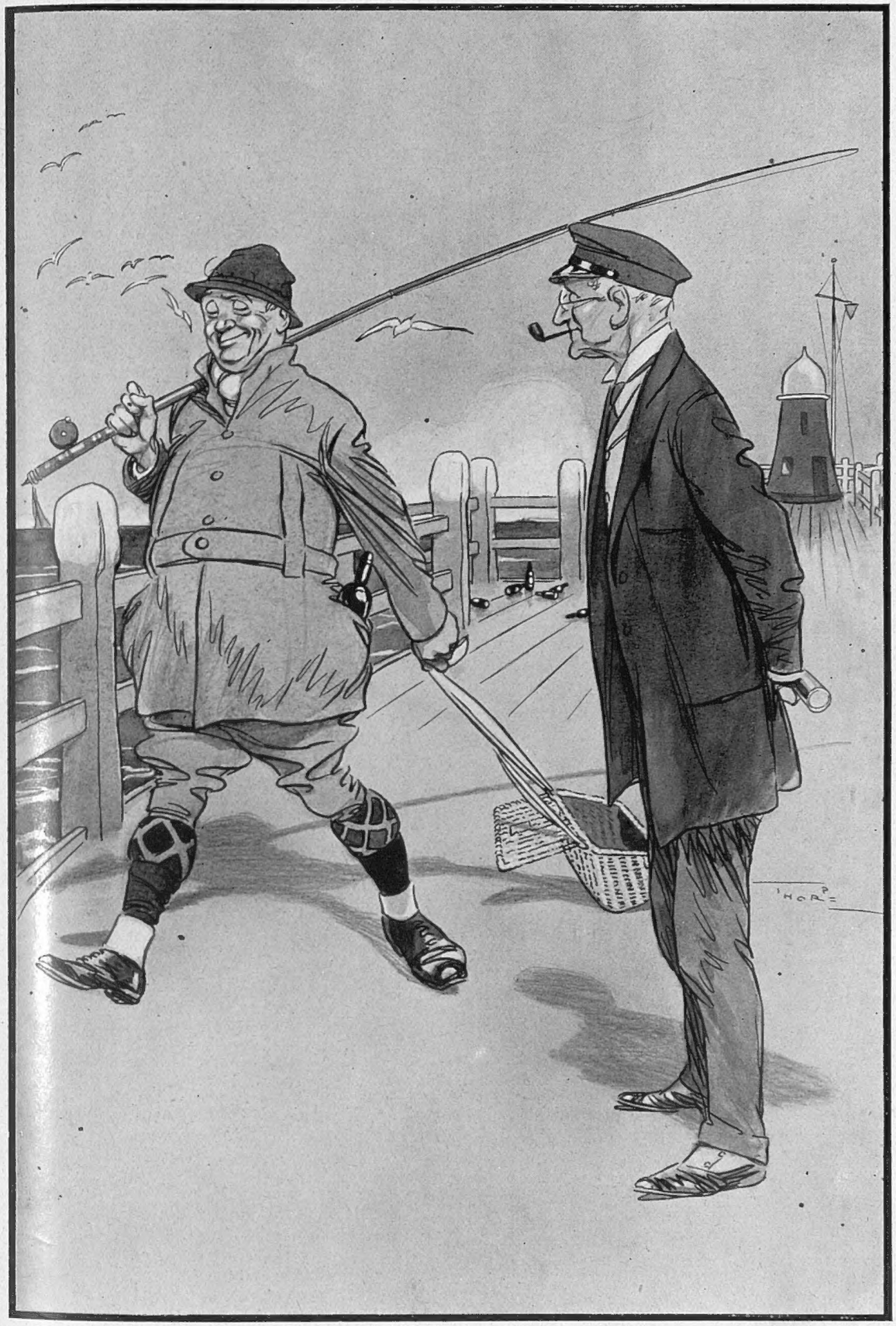
Well, well, come to a pretty pass is
That country where the Middle Classes
Beneath the British workman's hobs
Must place their inoffensive nobs;
Where Peers are frightened by the hubbub
Made in a Nonconformist subu'b;
Where ev'n the advanced Reformer quails
As, wearying of (or for) mere males,
Woman declares she'll make the Law;
Where Ministers their aid withdraw
From those who deal in Beers and Toddies—
And only License Busybodies.

Come to a pretty pass, indeed,
That country! And perhaps has need
Of censors to forbid the plays
Where vice and other nasty ways
Are shown with strength and drawn with loathing
(And actresses wear quite long clothing).

A most outrageous state of things!
But then—they're but imaginings—
Jests of a season. We ourselves
Are quite unlike these foolish Elves.



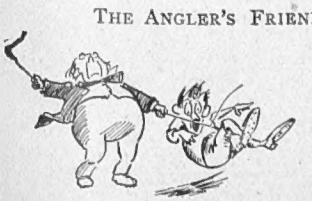
The Pier Fishing Season

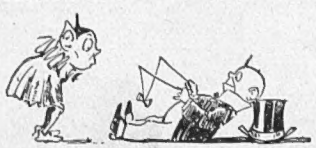


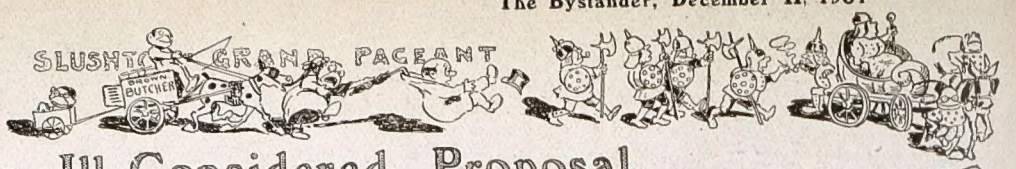
Christmas Morning at Puddleport

THE ANGLER'S FRIEND: "Caught something at last, then, Tom?"
THE ANGLER'S FRIEND: "Bass"
THE ANGLER: "'Ave I? What?"

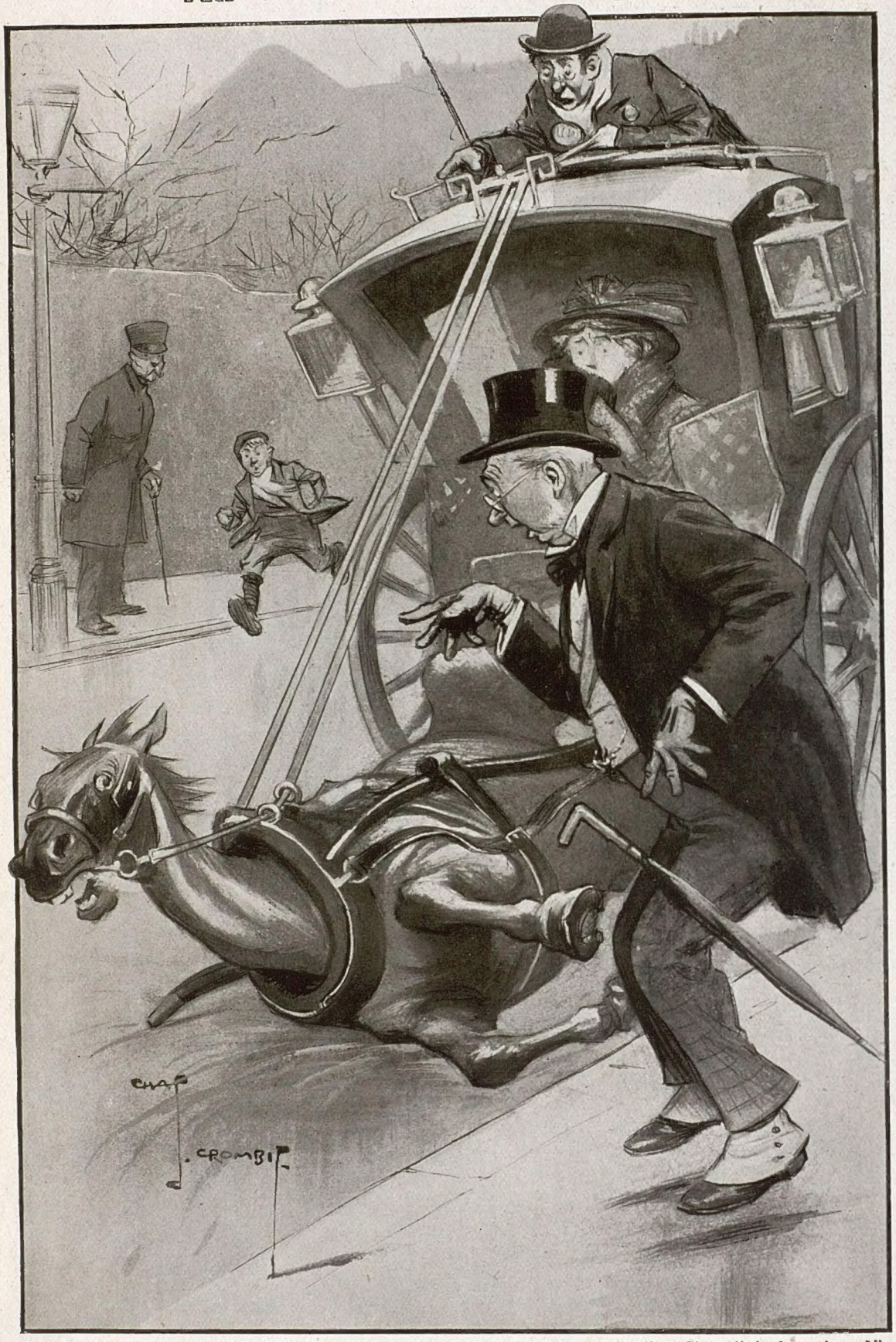
BY THORPE







An Ill-Considered Proposal



CABMAN (*to nervous old gentleman*): "Nah then, guvner! Don't stand there gapin' at 'im! Sit on 'is 'ead, carn't yer?"

BY CHARLES CROMBIE

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

> To London Town from Babylon
> The pageant of the world goes by!
> For you, for you, I pause and con
> A Stander-By

A Double Event

As will, doubtless, have been already gathered, we celebrate to-day a Double Event. Not only is this our Christmas, it is also our Birthday Number. We are four. A very healthy four. Young? Agreed. Precocious? Well—not very, considering, and if we are, 'tis but reflection of the Spirit of the Age. I hasten to offer the compliments of the Season to my sorely tried and much-forgiving readers, and to wish ourselves many very happy returns. Having done so, may I say that if there *is* one thing more than another which bores me past sighs, past tears, past words, past everything, that thing is—I must confess it!—Christmas. Already, in these islands, and in the usually restrained and chastened artistry of THE BYSTANDER'S pages, I detect, to my secret horror, an atmosphere of turkey, sausages, crackers, and goodwill, from which I would fain dissociate both myself and "The World's Pageant." If, too, it jars on you, gentle reader, be indulgent! 'Tis but the "Christmas spirit," and it will soon be over. And in your service, too, I have spared you "some," for I have managed to avoid the company, at least, of the more *exigeant* of the Christmas—er—jokes, though I fear the borders of my pages are infested with those frivolous little "creepy-crawlies," which nothing seems to be able to keep out of our Christmas numbers.

* * *

The New Chinese Minister

Li Ching Fang, Lord of Wuwu, has arrived in England in good time for Christmas. He is, for a Chinaman, uncommonly tall. He is married, very rich, and very European in his tastes and sympathies. He first came to London with the great Li Hung Chang, his father, and he speaks English fluently. Li, by the way, is the Chinese equivalent for Smith

The Livers and—

Christmas, you know—I use the word solely, of course, in application to the more blatant festivities—Christmas *is* such a *bourgeois* proceeding, isn't it? Now, my *métier*, as my readers must know by now (or, if not, why not?), is to mix with and tell them about those favoured ones of the world who are either distinguished, interesting, or—rich. Not for my soaring soul has it been ordained that I should stoop to parley with or write of those unregenerates to whom, in particular, the sugar-candy sentiment of "a good old-fashioned Christmas" makes its most potent appeal.

* * *

—The Reasoners

Unto such—Philistines and *epicuri de grege porci*, as I have said—I have no wish to dedicate these remarks. It is to those others that my heart inclines. To those great captains of their souls (and waists) who, so to speak, mingling with my friendly bowl "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" and taking Christmas, as it were, in their stride, would rather make their Christmas dinner off a parchéd pea served elegantly on one of the printed pages of this journal, than grossly sit down (I'm not quite sure what I mean; the true Poet never is)—grossly sit down, I say (I wish to goodness I could get a full-stop in somewhere)—as I was saying, grossly sit down before the very finest seventeen-course Neronian banquet with nightingales' tongues on toast, dormice stewed in poppy-juice, and other priceless dainties (including feathers), all served up in the inimitably *recherché* and *intriguant* style for which we so confidently look to the *chef* of the [space to let for advertisement of restaurant].

* * *

A Peaceful Christmas

Peace and goodwill, it seems, are to be our portion, politically and nationally, at any rate, this Christmas. There is no war anywhere, save for that slight unrest in Zululand, and even Rumour lies quiescent. With every nation in the world we are at peace, and with every country in Europe, thanks to the untiring efforts of Edward the Peacemaker, we stand in friendly relation. Even the War Lord, refreshed by his stay amongst us, ceases from troubling, and holds firmly in its sheath a sword stained not with blood, but currants! Aeronautically, rivalry is dead. Little "Nulli" is gone. Proud "Patrie" has fared little better. Politically, the Hague Conference notwithstanding. Peace reigns supreme. Mr. Balfour, on his side of the field, has cleared the atmosphere by the discharge of a Tariff Reform maxim which has, at last, some claims to comprehensibility; while the Premier, modishly rest-curing at Biarritz, is as far sequestered from the battle's din as cables, telephones, and an F.O. messenger twice a week will leave him. "Winston" is pacifically, and almost discreetly, globe-trotting. Only the Suffragettes stand yet armed within the lists.

* * *

Christmas Resolutions

And talking of peace, "What is it," as the poet says, "that ruins married lives but husbands—not to mention wives?" So, too, I say, What is it ruins Christmas but broken resolutions—not to speak of bills? Every Christmas, as sure as morning

dawns, do I, drawing a decent veil over the past, make good resolutions for the following year. Some people make them on New Year's Day. But I make them at Christmas. It's more distinguished, and, besides, it gives one something to think about during the hymns on Christmas morning. I keep my resolutions carefully for, say, a fortnight. Then the Christmas bills come in, and, to drown my sorrows, I fall back into past sins. I have made a rather good set of resolutions for 1908. My readers may like to appropriate a few. They are not copyright. They are:—To Lead a Brand New Life. To sit through Musical Comedy. To pay my Income Tax without demur. To refrain from inflicting too frequently on my unfortunate readers such good old stock subjects as Mr. Bernard Shaw and his Views on Marriage, the Smart Set, Peers and the Stage, or any other of those obvious topics upon which I am in the habit of falling back when space yawns, time presses, and brains are on strike *pro. tem.* To return my Partner's Lead. To Keep Off the Grass. Not to try to be funny (except in the felicitously sarcastic manner indigenous to a Christmas Number). Not covertly to listen when I overhear indignant remarks relative to the amazing "*cheek*, my dear, of that paper, THE BYSTANDER." Not to exceed the Speed Limit when there is any chance of being caught. Not to—but stop! I must refrain! Here is enough, and more than enough, to send me seeking, in less than a couple of weeks, a Brand New Death!

Resolved: for 1908

Excesses I swear off—
Regalian smokes, dear drinks,
Farewell. Now for some lof-
Ty thinks.

My taxes I'll pay up,
Forswearing every cuss,
Chuck "taxis" for a tup'
Ny 'bus.

I'll leave the social swim,
Sins shun, bores cultivate,
Life's purple hours elim-
Inate.

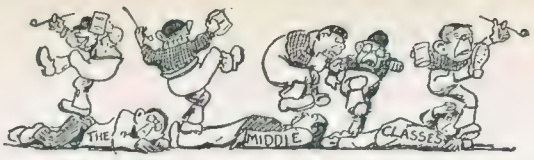
Then, blameless as a hymn,
I'll seek the rope or knife,
And simply end my sim-
Ple life.

Photo] **Home for Christmas** [*Crib*

A paying-off scene on board a warship just home. Hanging to the rail are cages containing foreign birds, brought home by Jack as presents for mothers, wives, sweethearts, and—who knows what not?

The Poet's Christmas

In my sad lack of appreciation of the joys of merry Yuletide I stand, it seems, not utterly alone. Only in the minor, very minor, poet, I find, does the Yule-log fire a sleepy Muse. Often, soul-weary with much Christmassing, I have turned to my poet's corner for rest and refreshment, endeavouring dutifully at the same time to be topically correct in my reading. Keats on Christmas, I have thought, might lend some needed charm. But one searches his works in vain. He was too Greek; the season scarce remembered itself to him, much less appealed; Shelley was too pagan; Dryden and Cowper, Thomson and Pope, Byron and Moore, Wordsworth, Swinburne and Rossetti — to not one of all this great company has Christmas called. Only to Browning



Truly a High Tea!

KAISER WILLIAM'S CHILDREN'S PARTY

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The children of Highcliffe enjoyed one day last week an honour which they will never forget as long as they live, an honour granted to few indeed of their seniors—that of taking tea with the Kaiser. This was a high tea if you like, and the Kaiser himself cut the cake

as a philosopher on religion, and to Tennyson as idealist and sentimentalist, has the festive season stood as sponsor for immortal verse. Christmas has not, it would appear, a numerous following among the high immortals — which, perhaps, accounts for the painful preponderance of the turkey and mince-pie element.

* * *

The Children's Party

Not the least aggressive feature of the Christmas season is the Children's Party. Owing to a natural ability to make myself agreeable under most circumstances, and to play the fool under all, I am rather in request at functions of this nature, and, already, my shelf is littered with cards inviting me to anything from Tea and Touch-Last with Tottiekins at four to Dough-Nuts and Dancing with Doris at six. At five, at least, of these, I simply *must* put in an appearance. Charming mothers have made my presence a personal point, which, disregarded, will bode me ill. Others I shall do my best to avoid, for Children's Parties are no longer what they were. No longer do they, very properly, amuse the grown-ups, and bore to tears the children. The trail of the great god Reform is here as elsewhere. It is now the children who must be amused, the grown-ups bored. A topsy-turvy state of things which does not please me. If I *must* make an egregious ass of myself; if I *must* dance unceasing polkas for an hour on end with two-foot-five; if I *must* go Blind-Man's-Buffing, Hunt-the-Slippering, and Musical Chairing till my head swims—well, then I must.

POPULAR PHRASES (Illustrated)
"Saving His Bacon"
By A. Melville Brown

But gratitude—how sharper than a serpent's, etc., etc. Truly, it has been said, it is the Children's Age.

* * *

The Social Round

One ought, I suppose, even in a Christmas Number, not wholly to ignore the social scheme of things. Of affairs which come under this heading, however, so far as London is concerned, there is practically nothing to say. This "dear, damn'd, distracting town," now that an exceptionally brilliant autumn season is over, has but little to offer its votaries but fog and outer darkness. There are always, in the hub of the universe, of course, subjects for conversation: there is, for instance, the Druce Case and Fiscal Reform, the Government and Christian Science, the Divorce Courts and a long-awaited heir or two (another in Spain, also, I understand), the Censor, Christmas Shopping, ourselves. But it is not conversation which the world *qui s'amuse* is in need of. Conversation is "off"—an "also-ran," so to speak. It is deeds, not words, with the Smart Set of to-day. So now it is the Shires which form the centre of fashion, for there, huntin' and hunt-balls, shootin' and shootin' house-parties, all are in full swing. And now or never, by the way, should the winter species of *parti* be caught. At nights, he is too pleasantly weary to be wary. Salt well his tail, and, who knows?—you may catch him yet.

In Indoor Dress

In Motor Costume

SIMIANS IN SOCIETY

These photographs are of "Daisy," the youngest Chimpanzee in England, who is at present living under the chaperonage of Miss Hall, at 2, Park Place Villas, W. A keen motorist, who has toured much this summer, "Daisy" is not undomestic—at home, she sits up to table, and eats bread and butter and bananas, with a spoon

A Victual Point

EMIGRATION AGENT: "Cancel your passage? Why?"

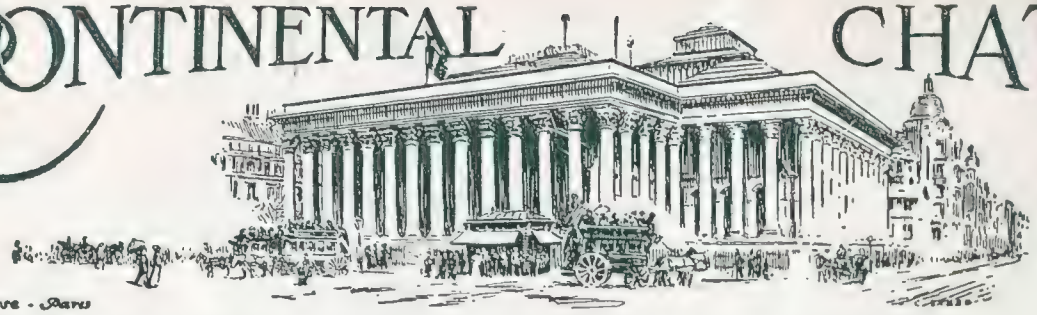
DOUBTFUL STARTER: "Chap's just told me that when it's one o'clock here, it's only four in the mornin' over in Canada!"

EMIGRATION AGENT: "Well! Well! And what difference does that make to you?"

DOUBTFUL STARTER: "Catch me goin' to a place where yer've got to wait all that time for dinner every day!"

BY FRANK M. WILLIAMSON

CONTINENTAL CHAT



La Bourse - Paris

The two projected visits for next year of the King of Italy and President Fallières are still fitfully talked about, but there is nothing official as yet about either. Still, the President's journey is now confidently expected to take place next May, when the Franco-British Exhibition will probably be fit for inspection, all proper tardiness in the installation being duly anticipated. M. Fallières is not, like M. Loubet, one of the King's personal friends, nor has he any of the ex-President's easy charm. Both are from the South, but while M. Loubet came from a part of the Midi in which all the civilised race of antiquity have left their blood and their manners, M. Fallières comes from that jovial, but still barbaric, Gascony, which has given its name to a very different sort of character. It is even in curious contrast to the refined and joyous old Provence, where every peasant woman has the manners of a duchess of the *ancien régime*, and every man the dignity of a gentleman-in-waiting. Poor M. Fallières, who loves his pipe and his wine and his fiddlers three, is not at home in ceremonies. With a mournful smile, and ill at ease, he goes through them, only longing for them to be over, and, so to speak, to get into his shirt-sleeves again; but if he does not appeal to the pomp-loving instincts of the generality of his fellow-citizens, he is much beloved by his old friends, and a jollier or livelier Gascon than him never breathed. Fat and strong, and full of energy, he has done his political touring throughout France very respectably, and his guests at Rambouillet always have a good time with him in the unbuttoned moments of the shooting season.

The Only Way

HE: "There's the great Russian composer!"
SHE: "What's his name?"
HE: "S-l-i-v-i-t-z-n-i-s-k-t-z-y!"
SHE: "How do you pronounce it?"
HE: "With a syphon, I guess!"

BY NORMAN MORROW

* * *

All the last lingering objections among Frenchmen to lady-barristers have been dispelled. The beautiful young "barristeress" of Polish origin, Mlle. Helène Moropolski, recently called, has tried all her charms in vain on the three judges of the Correctional Court. Neither smiles, nor gravity, nor bright eyes, nor the sweetest of dimples, availed her. She stamped her little foot, and smote her desk with her little fist, but the three judges, sterner than the elders, looked coldly on all this loveliness, and inexorably condemned the shop-lifting female, for whom she brought all these treasures of arguments to bear, to a month's imprisonment. Male barristers need not abandon the profession yet!

* * *

The Ullmo trial shows how spying offices of military and naval departments can, in order to keep themselves employed, waste public money. During the Dreyfus affair, it was discovered that one of the agents of the French Secret Intelligence

Bureau at the Ministry of War had hired a flat next to the German Embassy, and bored a hole into the chimney of the room used by the Military Attaché for the purpose of overhearing his conversations with visitors. That considerable sums of money had been spent in purchasing the contents of his waste-paper basket, and that valuable time and labour had been expended in sorting the scraps and piecing them together, was evident. The famous *Bordereau* on which Dreyfus was condemned is supposed to have been procured in this way. Very serious representations by the German Government resulted, and the incident was the beginning of those strained relations which culminated in the dangerous Morocco affair. This time it is not the French spying department but the German Naval Attaché who seems to be the culprit.

Is there not something painful in the idea that armies and navies, supposed to be schools of honour, descend to methods which any gentleman in private life would regard with scorn? Perhaps, though, I should say, ought to regard with scorn, for spying seems to have a charm for many who would not cheat at cards or appropriate lost property, and yet would descend to the practices of thieves if they could satisfy their Jesuitical consciences that the end justified the means. "Sherlock Holmes" has, indeed, much to answer for in making men admire a profession which used to excite the contempt of every true-born British gentleman. Our War Office has no secret intelligence fund, and, judging from the frivolous way in which the French and German moneys are squandered, we do not lose thereby. I hear there is a controversy going on in high quarters abroad as to the advisability of having Naval and Military Attachés accredited to each other's Courts, and diplomatic developments, which may lead to a better adjustment of the whole diplomatic system to modern requirements, are awaited.

A Christmas Serenade: The Duet

By L. Carter

* * *

The Duchesse d'Uzès, with whom the Queen of Portugal has just been staying, is probably the most distinguished woman at present in France. She is not a friend of the Republic, and if she financed General Boulanger in his attempt to upset the then ruling section of Republicans, it was neither for love of him nor with the ultimate aim of carrying out his ideas, whatever they were. She thought he would serve as a bridge to the revival of the French Monarchy, as the second Republic served to the revival of the Empire. A woman who has notions of this kind and is willing to spend some millions of her huge fortune on their realisation is not an ordinary person; but, alongside her political notions, she has a number of attractive qualifications for public interest. Nothing appeals to her like talent, and many are those she has helped in their struggle for fame in art and literature. Nor does she merely admire the work of others. She is herself a sculptor of no mean order. And even this does not complete the sphere of her activity, for she delights in the hospitality she can offer to her friends, and invitations to her hunting parties, in which she rides with as firm a seat as a woman of twenty, are coveted, without reference to her political views. There is hardly any good work in which she is not the first to be thought of, and it is rare, indeed, that she does not head the list of public subscriptions. Among her latest doings is to accept the Presidency of the Paris branch of the Lyceum Club. In all this, the Duchesse differs from other representatives of the older French *noblesse*, who have retired to sulk out the rest of their existence in their old feudal castles, because the inevitable has happened.

* * *

The American cash famine is causing the greatest consternation everywhere in Paris, but particularly among those business houses which have hitherto reaped a golden harvest from their American clientele. I am afraid many of them will find a considerable shortage at next rent-day in January, the Christmas present season being one of the best for the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale. Large stocks of jewellery, etc., are always laid in to meet American requirements. Then there are the American buyers from New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, on whom the Paris dressmakers, milliners, and others count! What of them? Every attempt is being made in Paris to conceal the real state of affairs as long as possible, but already the pinch is being felt, and business men are at their wit's-end for ready money, knowing that any lender will put on the screw to the fullest, with money at its present premium. Royalty has already come to the rescue of a few of those unfortunate sufferers. The Queen of Spain, Queen Amelie of Portugal, and the new Princess George of Greece, have bought jewels and other extravagances at reduced prices, for which they have no immediate need, simply to help their accredited purveyors. And yet this is only like a few drops of rain to the parched soil.

THE PLAYHOUSES

STRAY THOUGHTS

As a solution of the Censor difficulty, I propose that he should exercise his veto upon the grounds not of public morality, but in the interest of public amusement. Thus a play would be censored not for its immorality, but for its tediousness. The advantage of the new ruling lies in the fact that—even if they were made retrospective—some of Mr. Redford's recent judgments would stand.

* * *

During the *entr'acte* of a recent "first-night" bewilderment reigned at the bar. "Why on earth did he put up the play?" asked everyone of his neighbour. A man who has the reputation of knowing everything and everybody—a man who sits over the hub of the theatrical world and directs its revolutions—was not to be beaten even by such a poser. "My dear chaps, don't you know?" he said, with a pitying smile. "He put up this play for a bet."

* * *

It was during this play that the cloak-room attendant almost dropped from exhaustion during the interval between the second and third acts.

* * *

At Drury Lane Mr. Arthur Collins, going two better than his best, has rolled three fairy stories into one pantomime. This will not affect the "guillotine" which obtains upon the first night of the Drury Lane Pantomime. The curtain will fall at 2 a.m. sharp.

* * *

A true story. A friend of mine, as a slight sop to P.W.D. work in the blighting climate of Nigeria, is granted four months' leave for every year's work. When vacation comes he makes a bee-line for London and the theatres. In the rush and excitement of plunging once more into the whirl of civilised life he is apt to get things a little twisted. So it chanced that when telephoning to one of the Theatre Ticket Agencies for seats he found he had forgotten not only the unfamiliar name of the play he wished to see, but also the theatre where it was being performed. He knew it was a great success, and had a name which had something to do with shell-fish. In desperation he started to give the clerk a clue to his meaning. "Shell-fish," he called desperately through the telephone. The clerk could not help him out. "I know," he called, "The Oyster!" "No such play," said the clerk in a matter-of-fact voice. "Whelk?" "Mussel?" "Cockle?" he continued, in rapid succession, only to receive, after each, the same stony negative. At last he gave it up in despair and went to the Empire. Now, had that clerk possessed the needed gumption, surely he should at once have divined that the missing word was "Mollusc," and have duly fixed my friend up at the Criterion. E.C.S.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A Restful Posture

Miss Marjorie Day, who plays the part of little Essie, Dick Dudgeon's incorrigible admirer and follower, in *The Devil's Disciple* at the Queen's, adopts a contemplative pose in which to be photographed. The bare feet, which form so attractive a part of her make-up, are here seen to exceptional advantage

Would You Like to be the Snow Man?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A REAL CHRISTMAS SCENE

A seasonable photograph of Miss Isabel Jay, the well-known light opera singer, executing a duet with an artist known to fame indeed, but with an annoying habit of disappearing just as we have become accustomed to him

By Field, Stream and Covert

Photo] With the Bicester—Meet at Cropedy, November 16: A large field out *[Topical Agency*

Sport and Popularity

No wonder Alfonso of Spain is popular in England. We have always a welcome for a keen sportsman, and the young King is certainly the keenest of the keen. In shooting he is not only an enthusiast, but a capital shot either at winged and ground game or clay birds. Polo—most difficult of games for any man to play who is not a fine horseman and has not a good eye—finds him an assiduous and very promising votary, because he possesses both these essential qualifications. And hunting, the most typical of British field sports, now claims him as one who has tasted the joys of a quick gallop across country and wants some more like them. The King of Spain, at the meet of the Cheshire Hounds at Eaton Hall on the 29th ult., was a sight to be remembered. He sat his fine chestnut horse like a "real good 'un." His sharply featured face was aglow with excitement. He was all animation and sparkle. Watching him following the movements of the hounds with the utmost interest, almost boyish and quite ingenuous in its intensity, one felt that here, at least, he was absolutely free from the worries and cares which his Sovereignty inevitably involves. He was lucky in that it was a very fair scenting day. Hounds found a stout fox in the Aldford coverts, and for eighty minutes he took them over some of the best of the Cheshire country, finally going to ground at Duckington. King Alfonso had a capable pilot, and was never far from hounds. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster laid themselves out to give their guest a very enjoyable time at Eaton, and I fancy he will always recall it as one of the most pleasurable episodes of his latest visit to England.

Photo *L. Bland*

America to the Fore

A keen young American sportsman who holds his own with the best riders in the Shires. There are probably more American visitors at Melton and other hunting centres this season than ever before

Wild Riding in the Shires

When there is a spell of bad scenting days, we always see huntsmen in the Midlands much harassed by a certain hot-headed section of followers who continually press on hounds and give them no chance of puzzling out a slack line. Unfortunately, the offenders are not merely confined to inexperienced youngsters, for whom ignorance of hunting etiquette could be pleaded. On the contrary, some of the worst are the old hands, who really ought to know better, and ought to be looked to to set a good example to the rest of the field. But there is so much jealous riding and anxiety to be with hounds when they do get a start, that I am afraid discretion is too often thrown to the winds, and Masters and huntsmen are driven wild with vexation. In Mr. Fernie's country the over-riding of hounds during November was scandalous.

Good Sport with the Grafton

Scent has not always been bad during the past fortnight. In proof of that, my Towcester correspondent writes that the Grafton brought off an eight-mile point on Monday, the 24th ult., and had some good sport on the Wednesday, when Mr. McNeill carried the horn, and hunted them well into the Bicester country. Two days later there was a lot of galloping and jumping over a fine country. The Weppenham brook was encountered, and Mr. Lucas, Miss Bishop, Mr. Hawkins, and a few more jumped it behind hounds, the rest of the field fording it some way down. Sir John Hume Campbell, the Master of the North Cotswold, is hunting with these hounds on Fridays, and on this occasion was among those who took a toss. The only wonder is that there were not more empty saddles, with the country riding so deep and holding.

A Fine Veteran

Readers who are aware of their historical facts will not need to be reminded that Viscount Tredegar, whose photograph is reproduced in these pages, is one of the members—a rapidly diminishing number—of the gallant "Six Hundred" who rode in that mad gallop at Balaclava fifty-three years ago. He fought through the Crimean War with the 17th Lancers. In every sense, he is a splendid

Alfonso Rides to Hounds

veteran. Many years have elapsed since the hounds at Tredegar Park were turned from harriers to fox-hounds, and the Viscount is as anxious as ever that the followers of his private pack should see good sport. It has been well said of him that he is one of the best of sportsmen and landlords, living entirely among his people, and devoting his whole energies to their pleasure and improvement.

Dates of Hunt Dances

What is so often spoken of as the festive season is close at hand, so it will be appropriate if I give a few details as to the arrangements for hunt dances made in various countries. Now and again the hunt ball is productive of more harm than good. That is when invitations are sent out indiscreetly. Local people naturally object to see the invitations go to strangers, while they themselves, who support the Hunt week in and week out, are overlooked. But when the affair is in the hands of a competent and discreet Committee there ought to be no hitch, and in the main I think it can be said that the annual fixture provides a lot of real pleasure, and would be sadly missed if allowed to fall through. January will be, as usual, a busy month for hunt balls. The United Counties' Hunt dance is fixed for the 16th, and is sure to be successful, as Market Harborough is very full this season, and on the same night the Rugby Hunt Ball will be well attended. The Southdown Hunt Ball comes off at Lewes on January 3, the Warwickshire at Warwick on the 8th, the Pytchley at Northampton on the following evening, the Eridge at Tunbridge Wells, the Oakley at Bedford, and the Ludlow at Ludlow, all on the 15th; the Fitzwilliam at Peterborough on the 21st, the Cottesmore at Oakham on the 22nd, and the Bicester at Bicester on the 23rd.

Photo *Dixon*

Viscount Tredegar

Who has been M.F.H. for many years. He rode with the Light Brigade in the Balaclava Charge

A Seasonable Anecdote

Apropos of hunt dances, an amusing story of a quick-witted lady of title and a young peer, whose extreme eligibility had rendered him slightly spoilt, went the rounds last season. The man of fashion accompanied a house-party, and his hostess was the afore-mentioned lady, who happened to be as well known in London as in county Society. Spying two pretty sisters, daughters of a local magnate, and great personal friends, the lady tapped the young man on the shoulder, and said, "D'you see the So-and-so girls over there? I'm going to introduce you to them." The lordling stared languidly at them, and drawled, "Thanks, awfully, but I only dance with *London* girls." Without a moment's hesitation his hostess demanded, "Indeed! Where d'you like them from? Upper Tooting?"

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The King of Spain enjoys a fine gallop in the Cheshire Country

King Alfonso is seen in the above picture with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster (on the left), who entertained him at Eaton Hall recently, and showed him some excellent sport with the Cheshire Hounds

And the discomfited youth is said to have never been allowed to forget the incident.

An Artistic Production

One of the most artistic sporting productions of the moment is "Sporting Days" (Dent and Co.), a book arranged by Mr. J. Harry Savory, of Bristol, "for visitors and house-parties," and certainly an acquisition to any country house. The choicest works of many of our best sporting and other artists are reproduced in faultless style in its pages, and when friends have duly recorded their ideas and impressions, the volume would surely become a possession always to be treasured. Even at its published price of one guinea, the book is cheap. A. W. C.

Racing Notions BY CARBINE

THE GIMCRACK DINNER

Are Our Racehorses Bad?

Have we had a bad lot of horses on the Turf during the past season? Lord Stanley says we have; but I take it that, in his speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner last week, he was thinking only of our three-year-olds. He mentioned Woolwinder and Galvani as being about the only good ones of the year, but I consider it is too early yet to form a definite opinion as to the merits of the three-year-olds as compared with horses older and younger. Next season, when the best of them come to race against horses of different ages, there may be another tale to tell. Apart from the three-year-olds, surely the past season was raised from mediocrity by the brilliant performances of Velocity, the best "all-round horse" seen on the Turf for many years, and also by the stout running of The White Knight, whose series of "Cup" successes and mighty effort to carry off the Cesarewitch were in themselves sufficient to make the season one to be remembered.

ARDENT MOTORIST (*badly cannoned in fog*): "Hi! where are your lights?"

(BY J. L. C. BOOTH)

A Strong Man of the Turf

Lord Stanley, who is to succeed Lord Downe as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club next year, is one of the "strong men" of the Turf. Next, perhaps, to Lord Durham, his utterances are received with the greatest attention by racing people, for he always shows the closest grasp of Turf affairs, and there is nothing antique or falsely sentimental about his opinions. He assures us that the Jockey Club are absolutely unanimous about the question of the starting-gate. They believe in it, and will retain it. I am convinced that they are right in doing so. No system can be absolutely infallible, and there are frequently indifferent starts through the use of the gate. But the trouble is nothing like so bad as it was in the old days when horses were started by the flag. I have a vivid recollection of many dreadful delays under the ancient system, and it was not uncommon for horses to bolt the whole length of the course. That is rarely seen nowadays. There is seldom any difficulty when horses are well trained to the gate.

The Question of Salaried Stewards

But I cannot agree with Lord Stanley as to the question of paid Stewards. Against this suggested innovation he absolutely sets his face. He cannot see why "because a man is paid he should do his work any better than those gentlemen do the work at the present moment." I should say that there is every reason why the work should be better done when there is a salary to be worked for. For one thing, Stewards would be obliged always to be at their post, surely a plan preferable to the present half-hearted arrangement. Occasionally, we have known not one of the appointed officials to attend the meeting, with the consequence that deputies have had hastily to be found. Another point is that paid Stewards would not be allowed to run horses. At present, a Steward frequently has to deal with races in which his own colours are being carried. There are other objections against honorary Stewards which I have not space to enter into here, and I believe that, in course of time, the Jockey Club will come to change their attitude in the matter.

This Week's Racing

These lines are written this week several days before the date of publication, and so my references to future events must be restricted. There promises to be some good steeplechasing at Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday, and on the second day my selections are **Bertillon** for the Hants Hurdle Race and **Cackler** for the Open Steeplechase. At Lingfield, on Friday, **Macora** may win the Cobham Hurdle Race.

A European Earthquake Predicted

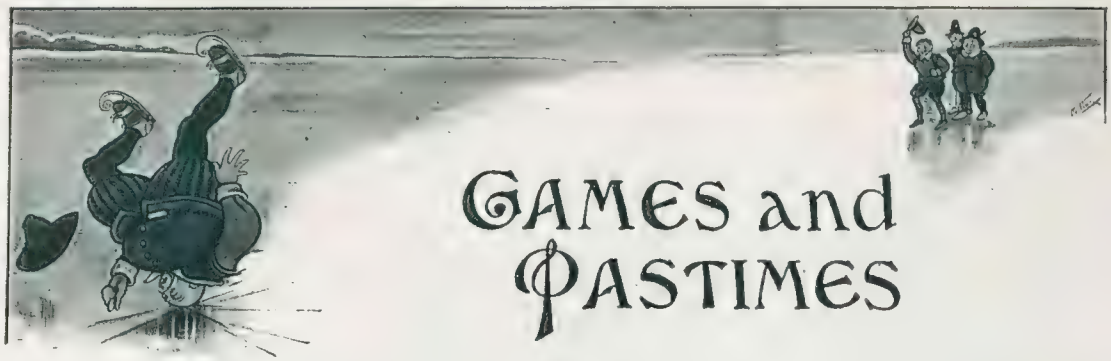
(*Special to* THE BYSTANDER, *by* HUGH CLEMENTS)

On or about December 19, 1907, the seismic wave will be temporarily arrested in its rapid progress westward by the waters of the Caspian Sea, the Adriatic Sea, or one of the numerous lakes in the Alps district, causing earthquake shocks in the Caucasus, Bosnia, or Switzerland, less or greater proportionately to the magnitude and abruptness of the interruption of the wave's progress. There will be seismic wave activity on the 30th also.

The Biter Bit!

ALGERNON (*slightly tremulous after the third mysterious tapping*): "I suppose it's nothing, but—I half wish I hadn't told 'em all those ghost stories after all!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS



GAMES and PASTIMES

Fictional Football Fixtures

Whenever I open my *Sportsman* on Saturday morning and scan the lists of the players who are to take part in the various football matches which are coming off that afternoon, I am filled with wonderment at the marvellous capacity of the British public for swallowing unreliable information. Everybody knows that for a team to play "as advertised" is about as rare an occurrence as for a match to begin punctually; and yet these fallacious announcements are, and have been for years past, published week after week, and tolerated, because (I suppose) they are better than nothing. I daresay that there are some people, too, who, like myself, find that there is a good deal of fun to be got out of them. When you meet a man on Friday evening and he tells you (with a wink) that he has a very particular reason for taking a day off to-morrow, but that he had a hard job to convince his club secretary of its importance, you are quite enchanted to find, when to-morrow comes, that his name figures on the list of his club's chosen fifteen. Or, again, a little careful research will enable you to discover players who are so much in request that they are down to play for more than one team on the same afternoon. Only a little while back the names of two Rugby forwards appeared not only in two teams at once, but in two teams that were playing each other! The solemn way in which this precious piece of information was trotted out was quite delicious. I do not for one instant blame the *Sportsman* for these ridiculous fictions. The lists of teams are really in the nature of advertisements, which the *Sportsman* finds it to its advantage to insert without guaranteeing their reliability, any more than it would guarantee the reliability of a patent medicine or a pneumatic tyre. The people who are to be blamed are the advertisers, or, in other words, the match secretaries. Of course, I am fully alive to the difficulties with which they are beset—the eleventh-hour refusals, and so forth. Very often they don't know the composition of their teams until within an hour or two of the kick-off, and thus it often happens that they are driven to publish the names, not of the team that is actually going to play, but of the team that has been asked, or even is going to be asked, to play. Sometimes (though rarely) these hazy prognostications come off, but when they don't, the public is really being defrauded, though not perhaps very seriously.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

By F. A. Stewart

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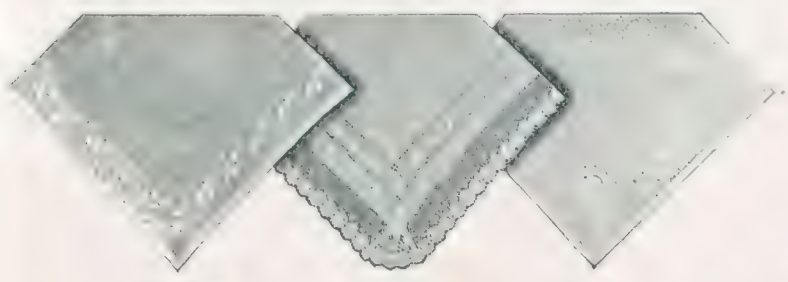

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The New Championship Green

The selection of Deal as the additional course for the Open Championship has come as a surprise to most of us. After the vote taken at the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, when the decision of the members went strongly in favour of Westward Ho as against Deal, it was generally thought that the same decision would be come to by the delegates. However, the event has turned out otherwise, and Deal has been chosen. It must not be thought, however, that this decision means that Deal will be chosen as the extra course for the Amateur Championship. The two Championships are not governed by the same clubs. The destinies of the Open are ruled by five clubs, viz., Prestwick, the Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company, Royal Liverpool, and St. George's, while those of the Amateur are governed by no less than twenty-four clubs, of which the most important are the above-mentioned five and the Royal North Devon Club itself. Hitherto, however, although ruled by different bodies, the two Championships have always been decided on the same greens. But now there is a strong possibility that the choice of Westward Ho by the Amateur delegates will make a difference between the two in the matter of courses. In view of this possibility, I think it was a great pity that the two bodies did not hold a joint meeting with the view of securing unanimity in the choice of the new course. In my opinion, from every point of view, historical, sentimental, and practical, Westward Ho is infinitely to be preferred to Deal. It is a much older club, the course is of a higher class, and the golf is of different character altogether. It is on this latter point that I take my stand in maintaining that a mistake has been made in selecting Deal. We have already got Sandwich among the Championship courses, and although the Deal course differs in some respects from the Sandwich one, yet they are in the same district, governed by the same climatic conditions, and are separated by a comparatively short space of ground from each other. To my mind, the chief charm of the existing Championship courses is their difference the one from the other; not one is in the same district as the other; the surroundings are different, and the golf is influenced by the surroundings and gains in variety. Hitherto, the delegates have not informed the outside world what arguments influenced them in causing them to prefer Deal to Westward Ho. But I do not suppose I shall be far wrong in ascribing some share in the decision to the wishes of the professionals. No doubt the longer journey to Westward Ho frightened them, and caused them to put all their influence into the Deal scale. If this be so, I think it is a great pity. The selection of Westward Ho could have been justified on every possible ground, while that of Deal is, on account of the youth of the club and the comparatively recency of the elevation of its course to the dignity of an eighteen-hole one, more than likely to occasion cavilling and jealousy. I trust that the Amateur Championship delegates will not be deterred from choosing Westward Ho when it comes to their turn to select an additional course. The links which produced the Allans and Taylor, the Molesworths and Horace Hutchinson, ought most certainly to be included in the select band of Championship courses.

Fair Play

THE GIRL IN THE BUNKER: "How many strokes, dear?"
HER OPPONENT: "Thirty-three"
THE GIRL IN THE BUNKER: "I'll give you this hole"

(By EDGAR LANDER)

Death of Sir Arthur Kekewich and the Hon. Arthur Russell

Death has been again busy among golfers. Legal and golfing circles are both the poorer for the loss of Sir Arthur Kekewich and the Hon. Arthur Russell. The Judge was an enthusiastic golfer, and was Captain of the St. George's Club in recent years. His enthusiasm led him to convert a room in his house to the uses of indoor golf, where all departments of the game could be practised with the aid of padded walls. Judge Russell will be sorely missed at Woking, where he had made hosts of friends, as, indeed, he did wherever he went. In both cases death supervened on an operation for appendicitis, that merciless disease which in recent years has added a fresh terror to life.

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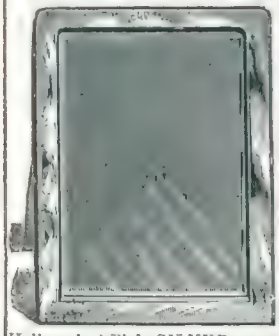

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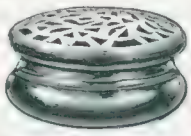

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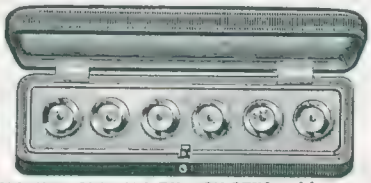

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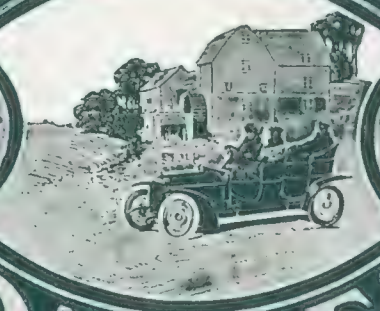

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A hint for Christmas. If you have a motor-car go for a tour. If you haven't a car, go for a tour all the same.

* * *

There is nothing like a change of scene and fresh air to buck one up. On the other hand, by Christmas-time we have all become jaded and stale. Moreover, there is nothing more excessively depressing than the average family *omnium gatherum* when, having nothing else to do, we consistently over-eat ourselves.

* * *

Motoring is very quietly effecting a revolution all over the country. Before the days of the railway, the country hotel was a flourishing rendezvous among all sorts and conditions. But, with the new mode of travelling and the gradual disappearance of the coach and postillion, mine host of many a thousand of comfortable and quaint hostelries in all parts of the country fell upon evil days. To-day, thanks to the influence of the motor, business in the rural districts is being revived whenever the landlord of an inn pays proper attention to the wants of motorists. It does not matter very much where his hotel is situated so long as he builds up a reputation of being a friend of the motorist, when he has not long to wait for patronage. Motorists appreciate those who appreciate them.

* * *

The result indirectly is far greater than would seem likely at first blush. The countryman becomes accustomed to seeing new people, and people, what is more, who have that ease and repose of manner which is acquired by coming into frequent contact with others. Motorists, often touring about, whether they be men or women, must learn something. They must, meeting so many different people amid strange surroundings, gradually lose that insularity which has been a reproach to our race for so long a time. In fact, except when they talk motoring (of all "shop" the most unpardonable), motorists are broad-minded and, generally speaking, very well informed. Thus it comes about, when frequently finding the educated traveller continually in their midst, the erstwhile "bumpkin" begins to sharpen his wits. He realises that his own little village is not the hub of the universe. His wife, his sons and daughters realise it, too. It was remarked to me quite recently that there is a gradual change coming over the atmosphere, so to speak, of the British village life. It is becoming more brisk, more "hustling." A certain great statesman, not so long ago, said that the country required to wake up! And the motor is, I fervently believe, acting as a pioneer to this desirable end.

* * *

Then, again, motoring causes the circulation of a great deal of money, without reckoning police-traps. How many thousands of pounds are spent in towns and villages in Great Britain each week-end I would not like to say. But it must amount to a great sum, for motorists are generous with their money. And yet, in spite of all this, there is no doubt that the motorist is looked upon as an enemy by a vast number of silly people who ought to know better.

Got Him Either Way: Pity the Poor Motorist

RURAL BOBBY: "I must take your name for furious driving"
MOTORIST: "Nonsense! I haven't moved from here for three hours!"
R. B.: "Ho! then I must summon you for hobstruction"

By DUDLEY BUXTON

Of course, there are black sheep in every fold, but, although there are road-hogs here and there, the average motorist is a gentleman who shows consideration to the other road-users. Probably because motors have cut up the roads very badly in places, and have added incidentally to the cost of the local rates, there is a dislike felt for them by many citizens as do not themselves own cars. Yet to blame the motorist for the state of the roads is extremely unjust. The roads are badly and unintelligently laid. They are quite unable to sustain the friction engendered by many cars passing over their surfaces, and so they continually need repair. But many more cars are in use in France than in England, and they also are driven at higher speeds, which are more than ever detrimental to roads. Yet the French roads are immeasurably stronger and more lasting than ours. Why? Because they are built with some knowledge of their requirements, while ours, as a rule, are thrown together anyhow.

Sweet as Honey: The Jam of Nawanager, Prince Ranjitsinhji, on his latest Lanchester Car

Seated beside the Prince is Mr. A. Maclaren, the famous cricketer, while the two native figures are his aides-de-camp. The car is a 28 h.-p. six-cylinder landau

Rightly or wrongly, however, there is a large and growing body of the public who are nothing better than fanatics whenever a motor is mentioned. For example, a solicitor wrote to the *Car* the other day and seriously suggested "potting" at motorists with a gun. Another individual who lives in my district wrote to the local paper and advocated the sending of every motorist convicted of exceeding the speed limit to prison without the option of a fine. It is only to be expected that, when there is an opportunity of fanaticism being on the warpath, there shall you find Mr. Justice Grantham. A judge, I take it, is expected to bring a well-ordered mind to bear on the cases he hears, but, whatever the case, it seems to be a mental impossibility for Sir William Grantham to be other than a violent partisan. At the Surrey Assizes recently, he stated that a motor-car was like a wild beast, for which those who had control of it ought to be held responsible. No doubt, Mr. Justice Grantham holds this view because he is a lover of the horse. Readers of this and other illustrated papers will remember seeing the Judge's manly form, sitting on his fiery steed, depicted some time ago. There are some horse-owners who hold to the opinion that the roads are intended for horses, and that motor-cars should be forbidden. Fortunately, this view is not prevalent with the men who count. Sportsmen like the King, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Fitzwilliam, and a host of other gentlemen, are not only lovers of horses, but are able to appreciate the usefulness of the motor-car at the same time. The Motor Union might do worse, as soon as it has a little time to spare, than send lecturers to different parts of the country to deliver free lectures on the subject of motoring, so as to teach the rural mind that its growth is a boon to the entire community. Here are one or two suggested themes: "The Motor-Car as a Civilising Factor"; "What the Motor-Car Means to YOU"; "The Influence of the Motor in the Back-to-the-Land Movement."

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The statement that the armoured cover is responsible for nearly all the damage which motor-cars cause to road surfaces has appeared from time to time in all sections of the Press, and undoubtedly some of the evils attributed to studded covers are true. It is, therefore, worthy of notice that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, whose non-skids have deservedly obtained such a high reputation in the past, have at last, after repeated experiments, produced a tyre that will not harm the road surface, or reduce its effectiveness as a non-skid. These tyres, which met with a great reception at the Paris and Olympia Exhibitions, are manufactured in the well-known black and red rubber style, introduced by the Continental Company, while the steel studs have been considerably shortened, and only project sufficiently above the rubber to preserve their non-skidding qualities. A further improvement has also been made in the canvas backing, which will greatly add to the life of the tyre. The results obtained in recent trials have been most successful, and it is predicted that the new "Continental" will be very popular.

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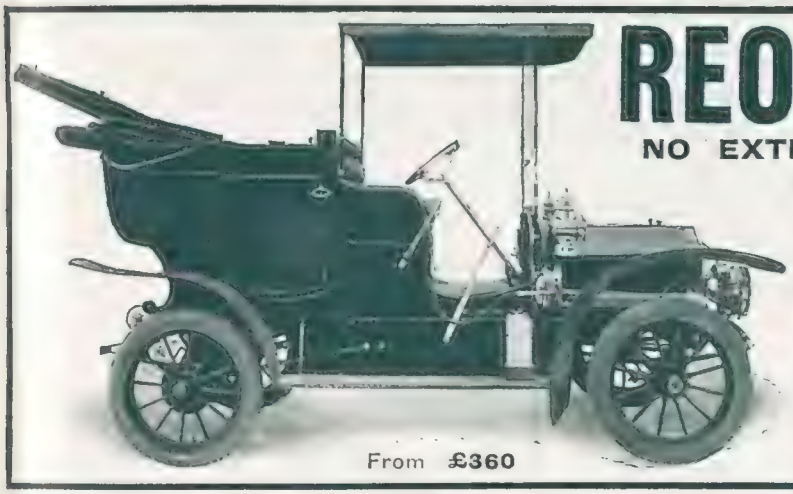
BERNYS



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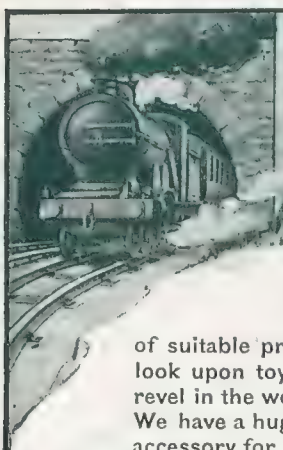

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & Co.
NORTHAMPTON.

IT IS ALWAYS A MATTER OF SOME DIFFICULTY TO THINK

of suitable presents for schoolboys, for they are above the toy-loving age, and, indeed, usually look upon toys with much scorn. Given, however, a taste for mechanics (and few boys do not revel in the working of machinery), nothing could be more appreciated than a model locomotive. We have a huge stock of all kinds of model locomotives, rails, and rolling-stock—in fact, every accessory for model railway equipment can be found described and priced in our new catalogues.

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The amusement and instruction afforded by a miniature train as it rushes along the rails, over bridges, by signals, and through liliputian tunnels is endless, and nobody, from youth to age, is insensible to the charm of a working model.

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AN IDEAL WINTER RESIDENCE.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Notwithstanding the threat that the payment of the income tax shall be enforced prior to Christmas, we are, one and all, beginning the customary pursuit of Christmas shopping. Domestics, I remark, invariably come first on the lists, and this is quite easily explained by the definite character of their gifts. A length of dress material, the last cry in caps and aprons, or some handkerchiefs, and the task is complete. *Voila!* But, for the rest, where choice grows catholic, complications set in, and it is just by way of smoothing away a few of the furrows that the business has been alloted to me of taking a survey of a few of the leading establishments, a duty, I assure you, of the most pleasurable order.

It is, let me say, both healthy and wise to be self-possessed at the Christmas hour, as only by that attitude can we hope to be unaffected by the surrounding influences of pessimism that every year seems to grow more pronounced, and to start at an earlier age. But to my story—after I have introduced, as briefly as my admiration will allow, the original skating costume pictured here. The suggestion is carried out in an olive green-and-fawn-stripe tweed, trimmed with a heavy black silk braid and narrow lines of black astrachan. For outdoor skating, the coatee should be lined with fur or chamois leather, and to gain an added warmth, the fronts are built double-breasted. For the crowning feature, there is selected a squash felt, which would be charming in fawn, simply relieved by a dove *coque* feather plume.

An effective skating costume carried out in olive green and fawn
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Briggs and Sons, 23, St. James's Street

Just a year ago the coming of Malacca was whispered in my ear by Messrs. Briggs, who wield the leading power of the world where sticks, umbrellas, and whips are concerned. Well! Malacca has arrived as the leading fancy for sticks, thanks, it is superfluous to say, to the *cachet* it has acquired under the auspices of Messrs. Briggs. It is pretty well an open secret that the firm are controlling the market in Malacca, which they are persuaded will provide renewed history for some years to come. As will also be readily surmised, every known artifice is being brought to bear to render these cane affairs of artistic beauty; although, such is the fine knowledge of the house, the limits of good taste are never for a moment overstepped.

For evening use there is a straight cane, a genuine old-world Dandy stick, threaded with silk cord and tassel, while for day wear, approval coming from the highest in the land, has been granted the favourite crook handle, below which is introduced a ring of the rich coloured New Zealand jade, outlined by a gold hollow bead. The charm of this very graceful adjunct may be judged to some slight extent from the accompanying sketch, though, naturally, the attractive colour and character of the Malacca, which affords so admirable a background for the jade, is responsible for the major portion of the success. Malacca, it is well to remember, boasts the further merit of being beautifully light, and in every way Messrs. Briggs are entirely justified in granting it a first place in their august esteem.

Another innovation, this time for my own sex exclusively, is the enlarged *en tout cas*. The defining line between the latter and an umbrella is just as slight as it can be. But the new *en tout cas* promises to carry all before it, the example illustrated showing a crook handle, the ornamental top carved out of one piece of wood, with a covering of the new braid bordered silk. This braid effect, it will be understood, is woven in, and so unqualified has been the success of the departure, Messrs. Briggs are being encouraged to yet further flights of fancy in its regard that will, in due course, make their appearance in the *haute monde* of fashion. Certain gradations of brown are going well in these *en tout cas*, while nothing, as yet, has been able to wrest the crook handle from favour. The demand for this pretty and practical form of handle is universal.

At Briggs's and at Barker's

It is always irresistible, when paying a visit to 23, St. James's Street, to linger long and lovingly over the exquisite tops devised for parasols and umbrellas. Which reminds me of a desire to refute the impression, extant in some quarters, that the prices at Briggs's are altogether beyond and outside the average income. A charming little set, comprising a ball-top of jade, encircled by an inset line of cut crystal and gold points, is procurable from five guineas—a most reasonable wedding offering, and one that would last for all time. The commencing price, however, of these sets is only three guineas; at the same time, for such who have the wherewithal, the choice is unsurpassed of chaste and exquisite fancies, the firm monopolising the services of admittedly the finest workmen in the art. The effects achieved in delicate gold *appliqué* work are peculiarly beautiful and of really intrinsic value; and, as was previously explained, all these luxurious and rare tops are fitted with the practical screwing-on piece, so that they may be adjusted to various sticks.

Walking-stick and umbrella

Complete set of handle and eight umbrella rib tips

AT BRIGGS AND SONS

Additionally to the depôt in Paris, 33, Avenue de l'Opéra, the firm has recently opened agencies at Biarritz, Brussels, Madrid, Naples, Rome, and Vienna. Moreover, within quite recent days they have been privileged to add three Royal Warrants to those already held, granted respectively by T.R.H. the King and Queen of Spain and Queen of Portugal.

Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington

A very pleasant day could be spent at Barker's, prospecting around the various fascinations laid in with special regard to Christmas exigencies. No matter the kind of offering required, or the price intended to be paid—it is a foregone conclusion that the most *exigeant* taste will find speedy satisfaction. The range of choice is positively colossal, and extends from the minutest thing in photograph frames and knick-knacks to jewellery of the most elaborate description, taking *en route* many covetable suggestions in blouses, costumes, fur sets, and the like always acceptable gifts to the young girl, who, whatever the size of her dress allowance, is hard put to it to make both ends meet.

Among the most seductive novelties, I espied some dainty "Basket of Flowers" tapestry work, the title shedding illuminative light on the graceful and artistic design employed throughout to distinguish the special line. Photo frames, stationery sets, glove and handkerchief boxes, are all presented in attractive array, a particularly pleasing example being found in a work reticule arranged on the lines of an old-fashioned double-lid basket with handles. While running this delicate "Basket of Flowers" tapestry in very close rivalry is the ribbon and flower hand-painted *moiré* series, a particularly pretty and decorative fabric, worked up into the same serviceable and acceptable offerings.

As for the collection of handbags and reticules, the choice is positively bewildering, and, if it were not that all are so good, selection would be fraught with difficulties. The new Balloon or "Bulge" bag, as it is descriptively termed in Messrs. Barker's beautifully illustrated catalogue—an invaluable aid to selection, by the way—is well represented, and my heart immediately went out to a Russian crocodile example, fitted with purse, scent-bottle, mirror, puff-box and puff, all for 14*s.* 9*d.* The lesser-priced bags are also liberally supplied with requisite fitments, the modern woman being perfectly lost without some such accompaniment.

A perfect El Dorado of delight awaits the little visitor to the Toy Department, special favour being accorded to novel and ingenious specimens of mechanical toys. And these are so wonderfully cheap, too, 6 1/2*d.* serving to secure the "Yankee Doodle Riding Goat"—such a quaint notion—a clown spinning a star with bell attached, and a host of equally attractive and clever pieces; while, for a few shillings, amazingly ingenious and clever effects are supplied.

The "Teddy Bear" series of soft toys contain some quite new departures, notably a realistic Dachshund Dog, Mr. Hog, Mr. Elephant, Mr. Cat, etc. And then the dolls! Such beauties, and dressed with the greatest care and taste; and the child who has yet to become acquainted with the joys of "The Piggeries" has an enviable future before him.

Though always assured of finding exclusive worth at Messrs. Barker's, their Christmas show is of more than ever surpassing excellence.

Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road

Before the claims of things here I am tempted to pause in bewilderment. Without drawing any

A Point for Christmas Shoppers.

IF giving a present is a compliment to the recipient;

IF selecting an article the recognised best of its kind is a greater compliment; and

IF combining useful, lasting, and attractive qualities in your gift will be regarded as a compliment to your thought and taste,—

WHY NOT GIVE

"SWANS"

THIS XMAS?

"SWAN" Fountain Pens.

SURE TO BE APPRECIATED.

Made in Plain Vulcanite, Silver, Rolled Gold, Solid Gold, and mounted with Precious Stones.

PRICES:

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POST FREE IN U.K.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Write for Xmas Catalogue.

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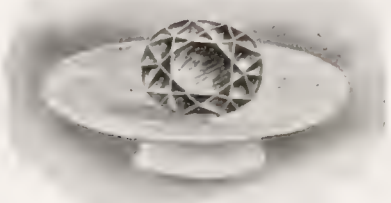

Some of the most beautiful effects in modern jewellery are produced by the use of the lesser-known precious stones.

The finest collection in London of every fancy gem known is on view at Messrs. HARRISONS.

Designs made up for customers' own requirements at all prices.

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For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

BAKING POWDER.

The Best in the World.

STRENGTH & PURITY GUARANTEED.

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SAGE WOMEN and BRAINY MEN, advocate

JAVOL

THE ÉLITE OF HAIR TONICS.

It is best of all daily dressings for the hair—it feeds, preserves, and strengthens the roots, and gives a neat look to the hair.

Mme. MELBA writes: "I have tried JAVOL and find it excellent."

1/- COUPON

Entitles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct. (M)

In flasks, 5/6, 3/-, and 2/-

JAVOL SHAMPOO 3d.; Box of 5, 1/- Very cooling.

JAVOL CO., 25, Budge Row, London, E.C.

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CELEBRATED

"W. W. Classique"

CORSETS.

THE ACME OF COMFORT
AND
PERFECTION OF SHAPE.

Every Corset made in Paris.

Special Value

9/11

Per Pair.

Corsets Sent on Approval if Desired.

"PRINCESS." "W. W. Classique."

This smart Corset is made in very pretty shades of Broche Cloth, Light and Dark grounds. Cut fairly low at top, with deep hip well curved at back; fitted with Velvet Grip Suspenders in front. **Exceptional Value,**

9/11 per pair.

"W. W. Classique" Corsets are obtainable only from

WILLIAM WHITELEY, Ltd.,

WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

AN IDEAL PIANO

MOORE AND MOORE'S NEW OVERSTRUNG UPRIGHT GRAND, THE "BOUDOIR" MODEL.

One of the highest achievements of modern manufacture—exquisite in sonority of tone and sensitiveness of touch—and at a price marvellously small, viz., £31 10s., or may be acquired by monthly payments of 22s.

Particulars in Price List, Post Free, from

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Close to Tottenham Court Road. 'Phone 670 Central.

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"The Success of the Season."

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USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

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"Our Speciality."

Becoming shape in Fine Velour Beaver, soft crown, round toreador pliable brim, good fitting and comfortable. All Colours specially dyed for us.

Price

10/6

When ordering please quote No. 300 S.

290 to 320, Oxford St., London, W.

Seen at Shoolbred's

definite invidious comparison, it may be said that no establishment rivals Shoolbred's in a heart-whole desire to be seasonably cheerful and helpful. From the customary children's bazaar, where the fun grows more uproarious every day, to the more decorous leather and fancy goods department, there prevails a sense of cheerful activity and business. To relate in full the exhaustive delights of the toys is altogether beyond my feeble pen. Probably, under a future promised escort of two small experts, the path of bewilderment will be made plain to me. Meanwhile, I have a mission to talk of the fancy goods, a small pictorial display of which is given here.

A novel series that will quickly find friends is of inlaid polished wood, and includes clocks and inkstands, both alone and in combination. Most reasonably priced, these should prove welcome gifts, not only by reason of their originality, but also on the score of an exceedingly handsome appearance. And yet another, comprising everything pertaining to a writing table, effected in real beaver leather, an exceptionally handsome medium, suitable alike to boudoir or study. Realising the continued importance of Bridge, Messrs. Shoolbred have certainly gathered together a most exhaustive display of boxes fitted to meet the fashionable pursuit. The example depicted is of silver-mounted imitation pigskin, and looks like business. The book troughs, again, are a yearly offering that never comes wrong, while a choice in solid hide boxes, ranging from the small stud box to a quite appreciable size, unfitted, is being offered by the firm in response to a big demand from the sterner sex, who have various individual methods for filling up these receptacles.

No more comprehensive catalogue has been issued than that of Messrs. Shoolbred, shopping by post resolving, under its auspices, into the simplest procedure.

Satinwood Furniture

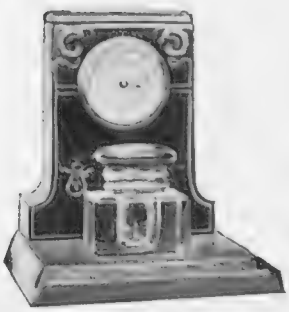
It is no news that inlay satinwood has been growing in favour again in the furniture world, and a great emphasis is being laid on the subject by Shoolbred on the score of Christmas presents. For my lady's boudoir or drawing-room there are innumerable fascinations, such as a small but capacious writing bureau, the revived nest of tables, and the dainty well-bag work-table pictured is a little gem. A round Bridge table makes a pleasant break to the monotonous square, albeit, possibly, one not quite so strictly orthodox. As to the general furniture display it is wholly superfluous to speak at this time of day. Without making any parade, the firm maintain a hold on popular appreciation that comes second to none in the land.

AT MESSRS. SHOOLBRED'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

(1)

(2)

(3)



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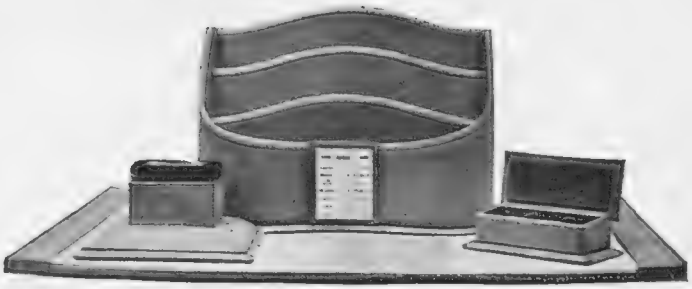


(5)

(1) A Handsome Writing Table in Beaver Leather
(2) One of Messrs. Shoolbred's Bridge Boxes
(3) A Dainty Decorated Work Table
(4) A Clock and Inkstand Combined
(5) A Useful Writing Pad and other articles for the writing table

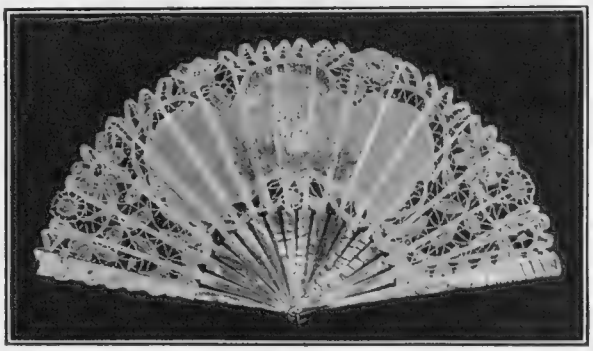
At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Sooner or later, usually sooner, we all find our steps tending Vere Street way. Although, broadly speaking, the whole establishment enters into the seasonable demand of luring money out of our pockets, still one must perforce give precedence to a certain knick-knack counter, where there are to be found fans, frames, *bijouterie*, bags, etc., familiar items that reel themselves easily enough off the pen, a proclamation, however, that affords no notion of the artistic value and novelty of the greater number of the wares.

It is an embarrassment of riches we are asked to contemplate, and it stands to our credit, which has been given us, to select out of the plethora three gifts, at once seductive, out of the common, and moderately priced. Many, probably, will recognise the ring-top work-bag, for this is not strictly new; but it is so wholly persuasive and serviceable, and exclusive to Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, that it continues to stand out a distinctive feature. The silks and brocades culled to its service are all coveted productions of the house, selected with the finest discretion and judgment; for this capacious bag is nearly always destined for drawing-room or boudoir work, and, therefore, should, according to latter-day canons, fall harmoniously into the general furnishing scheme.

(1)



(2)

(3)

(1) A handsome necklace. (2) A pretty lace fan. (3) A useful work-bag

AT MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S, OXFORD STREET, W.

Pursuing the subject of our pictures, we find a fan — a dainty, delicate thing of real lace, inset with a painted panel, and costing but 35*s.* 6*d.* Claiming to hold, as they do, one of the largest stocks of fans in London, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove run up from this moderate price to those that can only be prohibitive to the majority of folk, reflecting throughout the *galère* an understanding that is supreme. Finally, there is shown a necklet of mother-of-pearl, one of the pretty little fantasies that have grown of abnormal importance during the past few years, and are indubitably useful for enlivening a young girl's appearance. At Christmas-time such trifles become doubly valuable, though the cost is a mere 10*s.* 6*d.*

Every praise may be given to an antelope belt, with pendant purse, procurable in a long range of delicate and artistic shades, quite the prettiest fancy of the kind we have been asked to consider for some time; the same applying to some photo frames of white *moiré*, embroidered in ribbon-work and set in French gilt, which are as exquisite in thought as they are in execution. If, by good fortune, there is any of the pretty Austrian glass left, it is scarcely necessary to urge its speedy acquisition; but, alas! it is melting away before popular appreciation as snow before the sun. The above-mentioned, however, represents merely a drop in the myriads of acceptable offerings to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street

Yuletide gifts in great profusion, and of characteristic excellence, prevail at this premier Irish house, gifts that may be offered with all confidence to the proud housewife or the lover of good lace. It would be wholly impossible, in the short space at command, to attempt to do adequate justice to the rare beauty of the embroidered and lace-enhanced linens. Tablecloths woven in a round, in response to a fashionable demand, are prominent among many tempting and original offerings, followed closely by cushion covers, the newest whereof, be it said, are of the new oblong shape instead of square. In many instances, these lingerie covers suggest heirlooms, and are exquisitely inset with lines of Cluny lace and *motifs* of Italian *filet*. But such works of art and beauty exact a price, whereas there are really fascinating net covers, *appliqué* with an effective braid lace in tasteful ribbon and foliage designs, commencing in price from 7*s.* 11*d.*, a mere bagatelle for so dainty and durable an offering.

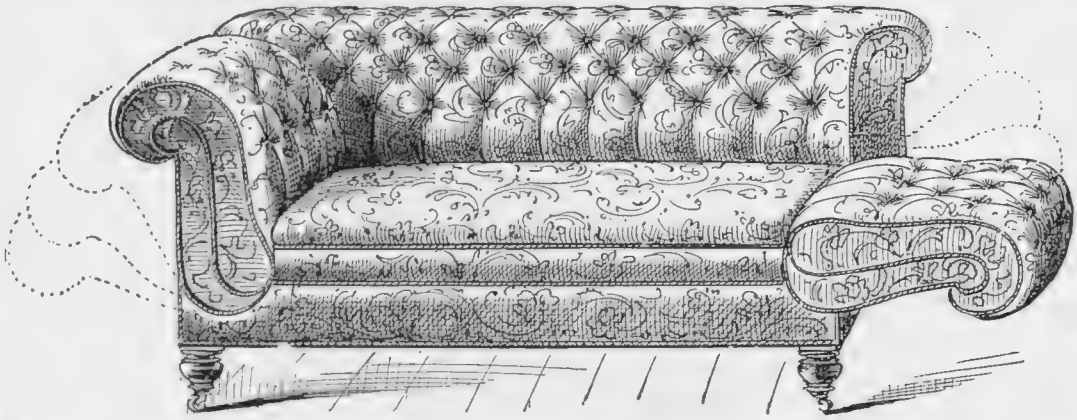
JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

An Exceptional Selection of

Restful Settees & Lounge Chairs.

Always the highest degree of Comfort, Taste, and Value.

DOWN QUILTS IN PRETTY COLOURINGS. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.



A very comfortable Chesterfield Sofa, 6 ft. long, with adjustable ends, in Tapestry, £7 15s.

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VISIT

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For Artistic Garments at Bargain Prices.

This Establishment—extensively patronised by the *lite* of London Society—receives at frequent intervals consignments of "Exhibited Models" directly from Worth, Doucet, Callott Sœurs, Walles, Doeuillet, Drecol, Revillion, Greif, Grunbaum, Fischer, and a host of other celebrated houses in Paris and Vienna. It should appeal to every smart lady in the land, its aim and object being to enable our patrons to adorn themselves with high-class model garments at something like **one-fifth** of their original cost.

Riviera Toilettes, Visiting, Dinner, and Evening Gowns, Costumes and Coats, Opera Cloaks, Race Coats, Motor Coats, Habits, Tea Gowns, Blouses, Lingerie, Antique Laces, and Choice Furs in Sables, Mink, Broadtail, Ermine, Fox Squirrel, etc.

No Charge for Alterations.

HIGH-CLASS GOODS. NOMINAL PRICES. IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL.

WARNING.—No Branches and no connection with any other concern.

Highly Trained Fitters and Large Staff of Alteration Hands on the Premises.

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Gosnell's

"Society"

Eau de Cologne

THE *LASTING* PERFUME

Full in strength. Exquisitely rich—surpassingly sweet. Superior to all others. Leaders of Beauty and Fashion call it 'the most perfect of all perfumes.'

For the Toilet

its invigorating and refreshing qualities make it indispensable. In case of fatigue or headache its effect is unrivalled.

2/- 4/- 7/6 15/- ALL CHEMISTS

FREE Sample from Chemists or sent direct for 1d. stamp

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Blackfriars Road
London, S.E.

Gosnell's "Society" Eau de Cologne

KODAKS FOR XMAS

THE HAPPIEST SOLUTION OF THE "PRESENT" QUESTION

whether the occasion be Christmas, the New Year, a Birthday or a Wedding, is a Kodak. Photography with a Kodak is a pastime which appeals to all and one can be assured that a Kodak will please when another gift may prove unsuitable. Dainty and attractive, Kodaks not only **make** pictures, they **are** pictures. In giving a Kodak or a Kodak Outfit the donor gives something useful and instructive. Everything in Kodak Photography is of the utmost simplicity, and can be mastered in half-an-hour. You load in daylight, you develop in daylight, you print in daylight. Before making your choice of gifts consult the Kodak Book, free on application.

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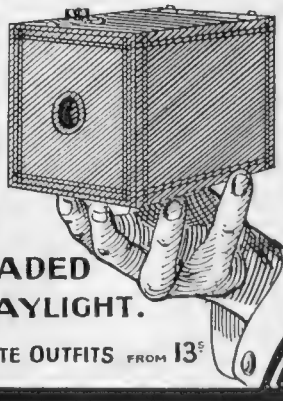
THE No. 1. BROWNIE



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"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price **7/6** and **4/-**

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION—The keynote of the proper treatment of the Skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, etc. Price **10/6** and **5/6**

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"CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION—Most excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the Skin. Price **6/6** and **3/6**

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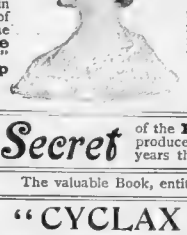
"CYCLAX" FACE POWDER—Invisible and antiseptic. Unlike any other Face Powder. Price **6/6**

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for daily use as protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price **8/6** and **4/6**

"CYCLAX" LIP LOTION—Cures most obstinate cases of Cracked Lips and intensifies colour. Price **3/-**

THE "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP,
for the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. The price of **The "Cyclax" Chin-Strap** is **6/6**.



"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION
is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the Face.
Price **7/6**.

THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"CYCLAX"

MARVELLOUS SKIN REMEDIES
Have Never Failed

ABBREVIATED LIST—(Continued).

"CYCLAX" EYELASH TONIC—Powerful Producer of Eyelashes. Price **2/6**

"CYCLAX" EYE LOTION—Relieves Strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes, and strengthens the Sight. Perfect Tonic. Price **6/6**

"CYCLAX" EYEBROW POMADE—Stimulates Growth and intensifies Colour. Price **3/6**

"CYCLAX" REDUCING FLUID—Produces marvellous results in cases of Obesity. Reduces bulk without causing any inconvenience. Absolutely certain and innocuous. Price **10/6** or **12/6**

"CYCLAX" HAIR STIMULANT—Most reliable and effective. Immediately stops falling hair, retores it to its natural colour, stimulates the scalp, and gives the gloss of youth to the hair. Price **7/6**

"CYCLAX" BLOOM OF NATURE POWDER—Exact reproduction of natural colour. Price **3/6**

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA CREAM—Certain remedy for all kinds of Pimples, from whatever cause arising. Sure and harmless. Price **4/6**

"CYCLAX" LUSTROZENE—Paste or liquid. Darkens and beautifies Eyebrows and Eyelashes. Imparts great brilliancy to the eyes. Price (paste)—black or brown—**2/6**, or (liquid) **4/6**

"CYCLAX" HAND BLEACH—Alleviates redness of the hands, keeps them beautifully smooth, white, and of a velvety softness and elasticity. Price **3/6**, post free.

"CYCLAX" NOSE OINTMENT—This is unequalled as a remedy for any redness of the nose. It also improves the surface and texture of the skin. Price **3/6**

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN says:—
"'Cyclax' Remedies should be used by every woman who values her good looks and wishes to preserve them; and equally by all who desire to improve their natural beauty."

The Secret of the **Perfect Complexions** of the noted beauties of the day is now disclosed; and the **Remarkable Preparations** which have produced and retained these **Extraordinary Results** are **at last obtainable by the General Public**, although for years they have been **exclusively supplied** by a Specialist **solely to her private patients.**

The valuable Book, entitled "**The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty,**" will be forwarded upon application.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY, 58, South Molton Street, LONDON, W.

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THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NOW . . READY.

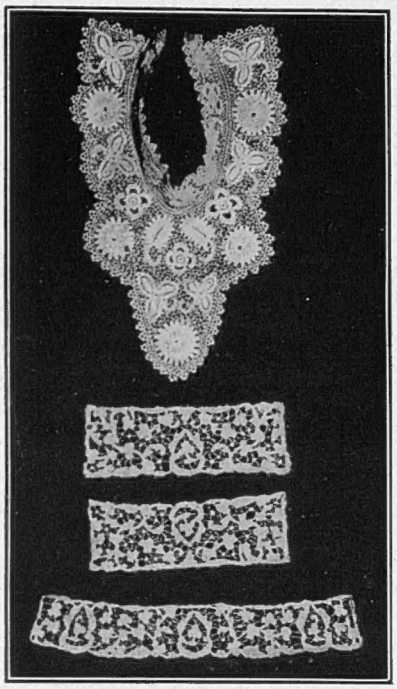
Two Presentation Plates in Colours. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

At Robinson and Cleaver's

A gift of assured affection would be the lace plastron illustrated below, of raised Irish crochet work, an exceptionally decorative little adjunct for blouse or bodice, extremely well shaped, and costing only 12*s.* 11*d.* Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, it is to be noted, are laying particular emphasis on these lace plastrons, and it may be regarded as significant in view of the fact that the decree in all probability emanates from the modistic side of the establishment. Another variety which caught and retained my eye was fashioned of Irish *appliqué*. Then a further temptingly-priced lace offering is a set comprising collar and cuffs of Carrickmacross, one of the most covetable of *dentelles*, and costing only 10*s.* 6*d.* Of a truth, it seems impossible for mercantile enterprise to go further, although it is perfectly understood that, if anyone can dare such generosity, it is Robinson and Cleaver, whose small profits are fully compensated for by their enormous sales.

Nor would a Christmas notice of this house be complete which omitted mention of the handkerchiefs, a stand-by offering that never fails us. Pondering upon this absorbing matter, brings me to the catalogue, which includes specially coloured sheets of the lace-trimmed and fancy coloured varieties, effects that stand out in helpfully bold relief on a biscuit background. An initial handkerchief, especially well carried out, has the initial embroidered in white on a coloured *motif*, the latter running through a satisfactory range of choice. And the name is verily legion of those adorned with white embroidery, or drawn-thread borders, trimmed lace. As is well known, where wide choice is, there also is an invariably good market.



Some samples of the firm's world-renowned laces

AT ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S

A House for Useful Presents

The choice of Christmas or other presents is always an anxious task, and is often enough not easily decided. Although solutions to the difficulty are forthcoming all around us, I think it would be hard to find an easier one than is offered by Messrs. Stewart-Dawson and Co., Ltd., in the shape of the Hatton Garden Treasure House. Some centuries ago now, almost on the site of the Treasure House, stood the magnificent palace of the Bishop of Ely, from the garden of which the modern street, Hatton Garden, derives its name. Though the old palace has long since departed from us, we now, in Messrs. Stewart-Dawson's premises, truly have another in its place, for the word "palace" most fitly describes the Treasure House. On entering, one is immediately struck by the gorgeousness of its equipment. The greater portion of the building is taken up by three magnificent showrooms, where are displayed jewels, silver goods, and leather goods respectively. Here may be found presents of every style, character, and price, to satisfy the most fastidious and modest requirements. The Treasure House is not only interesting to present seekers, however, but is well worth a visit by the idly curious. For a great point about this place is that one can be idly curious without fear of interruption. You can inspect everything, compare the prices, and examine the building for hours on end without ever being asked to buy a single thing. Mr. Stewart-Dawson's business has been built up on what he considers a right and just principle of retail trading, and the outcome of a thorough investigation of the retail jewellery trade has been a belief that purchasers do not often obtain true value for the prices paid. It is therefore, perhaps, unnecessary to state that the firm's prices are exceedingly low. In fact, they assert that all their goods are priced 25 per cent. lower than those of any West-End jeweller, and that the quality is in no way enhanced by reason of this. The Treasure House is well worth a visit.

Tea for the Continent

It is always very difficult to know what to send to friends abroad in the way of Christmas presents. Postal packets come ruinously expensive, what with customs and other charges, and it is a relief, therefore, to know of something that can be sent at small cost. On the Continent a packet of good tea is almost as much a luxury as, say, fresh caviare here. The United Kingdom Tea Company, of Empire Warehouses, London, recognising this, have made arrangements whereby their tea can be sent to any part of the world, inclusive of all possible charges. Another Christmas feature in which this firm do a large business is in their pretty tin canisters. One of these filled with tea and given to some poor old lady would keep her happy for weeks. For connoisseurs the Company holds a limited quantity of a unique specimen of golden-tipped Darjeeling, at 4*s.* 8*d.* per lb. A tin of this would be a present fit for a King.

Petits Fours Glacés Fourrés aux Corinthes

ALMOND PASTE.—¼ lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of ground almonds, few drops of ratafia and vanilla essence.

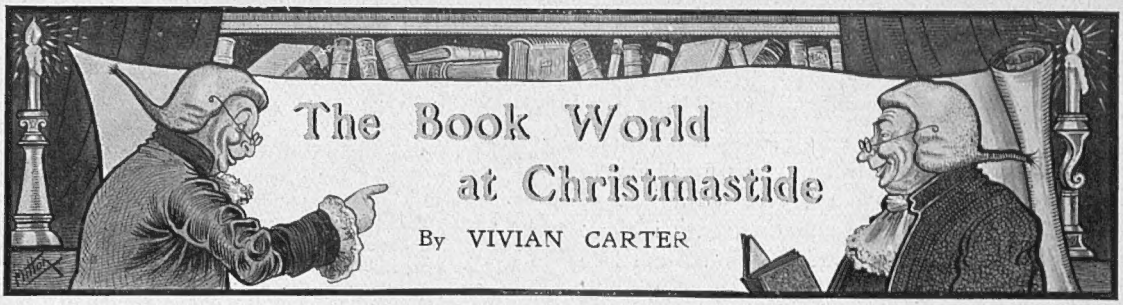
JAM.—¼ lb. of currants, 2 oz. of apricot jam, a little curaçoa.

PASTE FOR BISCUITS.—4 oz. sugar, 3 oz. of flour, four eggs, a few drops of lemon essence.

Beat the yolks and sugar together for about a quarter of an hour, then add the four whites whipped, mix and add the flour and lemon essence. Shape half in the form of pears, and the rest in rounds about the size of a shilling, on a sheet of paper, and bake; trim each neatly and garnish inside with the jam to form pears. Cover up with almond paste which has been rolled and cut the same shape as biscuits to take in the jam. Glaze them over with apricot jam, and coat with fondant icing flavoured with kirsch and maraschino, white for the pears and reddish yellow for the apricots. Mix a little dry carmine and potato flour together and give a slight tinge of red to the pears and apricot. Stick in a piece of angelica to represent stalk at the bottom and a pistachio for a leaf and a currant at the top. To make almond paste:—Boil the sugar to a thick syrup, add essence of ratafia, vanilla and almonds, stir well, work in a mortar to make a smooth paste, add a little maraschino, and also a little fondant if required to make the paste smooth.

This "Currant" recipe is by a world-famous *chef*, who has compiled a booklet entitled, "Currants — A Few Tasty Recipes," which you can obtain free on application to your grocer.

Fashion has again brought Sherry, the Royal Wine of Spain, into the front rank, the principal reasons being, the example of the King of Spain, the fact that Sherry is the most economical of all Wines as it does not deteriorate in the decanter, and that it is the best value for the price paid of any wine.



The Book World at Christmastide

By VIVIAN CARTER

A Novel of the Period

The Unpardonable Sin (E. Grant Richards) reveals Mr. James Douglas, of critical renown, to possess a degree of brilliance as a phrase-maker and word-painter which even his newspaper work failed to reveal. It is, however, possible to be a deal too brilliant a writer to be a good novelist. A novel can be written far too well for the true expression of its theme and for justice to its characters. The little people of the nether world of fiction often thrive better in the hands of a downright illiterate than in those of a polished stylist. The scene of *The Unpardonable Sin* is Bigotsborough (alias Belfast), and you traverse it, a very large part of the way, through Stonecutter Street. There is a terrible lot of *Star* scintillation about the whole story. As for the padding, your flesh creeps with the paradoxes, aphoristic *amphibia*, half true, half false, which crawl and float everywhere you turn. Having had the horrors for half the book, which, with awful realism, tells tales about Orange *v.* Catholic riots and wrangles, Mr. Douglas switches you on to fantasy and psychology. The hero, an anæmic young parson of dubious views, falls out of the Venus-like embraces of one mystic feminine, named Fionula, into the Elizabeth-like arms of Aideen, a young woman whom, it seems, he loves chiefly because "there's something funny about her." Fionula, however, has a scheme for his re-capture. Wishing to regain England to the Roman faith, she builds in London a sort of replica of St. Peter's, Rome, to which is attached a replica of the Vatican. In this latter, as a sort of new Pope, the hero is installed. Is it not, by the way, rather a slight on journalism, especially the scintillating organ with which Mr. Douglas is associated, to let us suppose that the object of its construction and the identity of its constructors—it stands, mind you, in the middle of London, dwarfs the Houses of Parliament and the dome of St. Paul's, and its colonnaded Piazza is as large as Trafalgar Square—could have been kept such an abysmal secret? And fancy Londoners only being "startled" by such a building on its opening, and the whole world being interested in it only for "weeks" before. The building of St. Peter's itself occupied from 1514 to 1626 A.D., and was built under the successive supervision of Messrs. Raphael and M. Angelo. Mr. Douglas's "replica" is run up with the rapidity of a New York skyscraper. One of the ceremonies attendant on the opening is the performance of a new symphony on lines which prove Mr. Douglas to know the methods of Richard Strauss. I only hope that enterprising gentleman will not read *The Unpardonable Sin*, for if he does he will certainly commit it, and compose the work.

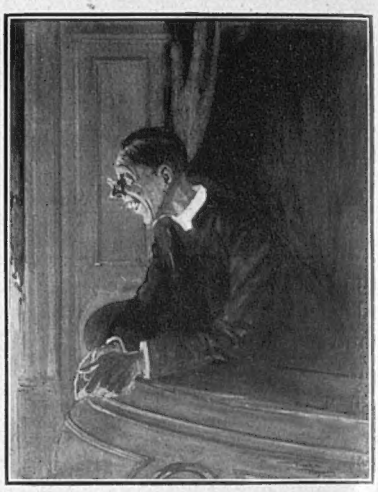
Study in Pencil by Frank Reynolds
(From "Frank Reynolds," in the "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" Series. A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Possession is Nine Points of the Law"
(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Collier and Co., from "Prehistoric Proverbs," by Lawson Wood. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Book World at Christmastide

It is terribly compromising to confess that one looks forward to Christmas. I confess that I do—but I hasten to explain. My joy is not in the anticipation of dyspeptic festivity, but of that brief week of much-needed laziness which Christmas brings to the reviewer. The publishers, though they continue to publish, for one brief spell do not demand to be read. The Christmas book is more and more pictorial rather than literary.

Let me return thanks, in the first instance, for *A Book of Caricatures*



"Frivolity"
(From "Frank Reynolds," in the "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" Series. A. and C. Black: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

(Methuen: 21*s.*), the superbly produced collection of Max Beerbohm's works. If the historic fear of his is ever realised—that dreaded tomb in Westminster Abbey—and if the designer of the inscription has critical acumen, Max will be known to posterity as "the Caricaturist of Caricatures." The method of Max is simple. See all men distorted; distort their distortions; then distort your distortions of their distortions, and (as Mrs. Beeton would say) "serve." Sometimes, in the final result, it is possible to detect a glimmer of a likeness to the person treated, as sometimes one knows one's dog after a motor has passed over him. In other cases, reference to the inscription on the protecting tissue is the sad, but the solitary, way to identify the remains.

Seeing how long the "Prehistoric Man"—wearing (chiefly) a humorous twinkle, brandishing a bludgeon, and suffering at inevitable intervals the destructive intrusion of beasts in the background—has been with us, it is really curious that one finds him still so laughable. And yet, in the hands of Mr. Lawson Wood, he is as funny, and even funnier, than ever. His latest book, *Prehistoric Proverbs*, is published at the price of 10*s.* 6*d.* by Messrs. Collier and Co.

The humour of Mr. John Hassall and of Mr. Frank Reynolds respectively is shown to great advantage in two books, *Brush, Pen, and Pencil*, published by Messrs. Black. In the letterpress accompanying a fine selection of "Hassallisms"—humorous, posteresque, and idyllic—Mr. A. E. Johnson happily hits off the nature of the man: "Unfailing sense of humour. No subtleties. . . . He has a kind of rollicking fun which greets the world with a grin, and invests the most commonplace things with grotesquely absurd attributes. . . . The only man

The Total Extermination of Rats and Mice is Possible. But How?

To exterminate completely Rats and Mice is a question which many people have for a long time been trying to solve, and it will come as a matter of astonishment therefore to learn that it can now be done, and, further, that the process involves not the slightest danger to human beings or domestic animals. Moreover, no inconvenience is ever noticed from the dead bodies.

In a number of Country Houses where it is out of the question to use poison, this treatment will come as a great boon.

The Ratin Laboratory, of 17, Gracechurch Street, London, who supply this preparation, have recently treated many large country estates, among them Rosebery House, Midlothian, Coates Castle, Fittleworth, Novar Estate, Ross-shire, and Raith House, Kirkcaldy.

In all these cases the Laboratory have received letters from the respective owners, The Earl of Rosebery, The Marquis of Hamilton, M.P., and Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., testifying to the excellent results obtained.

After such successes it is no surprise that the Laboratory should have greatly to increase their Staff, and they have now a number of competent men who can at a moment's notice go to any part of the country to investigate and give advice on what should be done.

It is needless here to enlarge upon the terrible destruction, not to mention the nuisance, caused by the pests, and in many parts of the country whole districts are combining to make co-operative attacks on the vermin with Ratin.

Briefly, the Ratin process is to inoculate in the rats a contagious disease which, whilst being fatal and most infectious among the vermin, cannot be taken by either human beings or any domestic or wild animal.

Whole estates can therefore be treated and completely cleared of rats without the least fear of harm to any other form of life.

Not only in this country, but also in the Colonies equally good results are found, and the preparation has been put up in a way to ensure that it keeps its virulence for many months.

Recently an official test was made on three farms, under the auspices of the Glamorganshire Chamber of Agriculture, and the report issued by this Chamber thoroughly bears out all the points claimed by the Laboratory, confirming that Ratin is in every way safe, sure, and economical to use.

Colonial Governments have made large experimental tests, and some of the reports to hand speak very highly of the results. Readers interested in this question should note the address therefore, and any inquiry on the subject will be promptly attended to by the Directors of the Laboratory.

NEW BOOKS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARIES.

HORSES: Their Points and Management in Health and Disease. By F. T. Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Fully illustrated from Photographs. Demy 4to, **15s.** net.

An entirely new work on the Horse, that will prove invaluable to all classes of horseowners. The various breeds are dealt with very thoroughly, and the diseases treated in a practical manner.

CHARTS OF THE DISEASES OF THE HORSE, with Explanatory Notes and Prescriptions. By CHARLES GRESSWELL, M.R.C.V.S., late Deputy Examiner for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Demy 4to, **7s. 6d.** net.

"New books on this subject have been exceedingly numerous, but it is safe to write that in none of these have the essential modes of treatment and hints as to procedure by the amateur been so clearly and succinctly set forth as in the treatise published under the above title."—*Sporting Life.*

THE RETRIEVER: Its Points, Management, and Training. By F. T. Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Crown 8vo, illustrated from photographs, **3s. 6d.** net.

"Concise, well informed, and eminently practical."—*Scotsman.*

THE SCOTTISH TERRIER. By C. J. DAVIES. Crown 8vo, illustrated from photographs, **3s. 6d.** net.

"Every page is fraught with information and should be carefully studied by Scottish terrier breeders."—*Kennel Gazette.*

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Ladies' own Furs Renovated and Remodelled to present Fashions.

MOLE KIMONO BLOUSE

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156, Tottenham Court Road, W.

who could make cobble-stones comic." "That subtle power of quiet but comprehensive observation" is the possession which, according to Mr. Johnson, gives Mr. Reynolds his position in the black-and-white world. He does not make desperate efforts to be funny. He sets down "with the most refined and delicate art, just one of those little scenes or incidents which everyone may everywhere witness." Mr. Reynold's "Suburbanite," out for his Sunday walk with baby, with "topper," pipe, stiff collar, ill-fitting "frocker," protruding cuffs, and beer-jug in hand, is one of the most excruciatingly realistic studies imaginable. It can be gloated over for hours. "Frivolity," which I reproduce on p. 546, is another impression of infallible truth and humorous appeal.

Either of the *Brush, Pen, and Pencil* books, which are priced at 1s., makes a pleasant Christmas gift-book, ensuring, as either does, an hour's wholesome merriment for a whole roomful of people.

A Novelty in Book Sizes

Reduced facsimile of the cover of one of Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co.'s "Stump Books": "The Ten Little Nigger Boys." (Price, 6*d.* net.)

"This blamefool Buster Brown nonsense has got to end." I sincerely hope the words of the infuriated grocer in *Buster Brown's Latest Frolics* (Dean and Son: 3s 6*d.* net) have no prophetic weight. With the "blamefool nonsense" in question we could ill afford to dispense. Buster never seems to grow up. He gets more uproariously youthful and more youthfully uproarious every year. "Age hath not withered nor custom staled," etc. I hear, furthermore, that Buster is becoming a sociological influence of no mean order.

In social circles where the child has, of late years, been anathema, Buster has pushed his way irresistibly. "I would not mind being a mother," remarked Lady X—— (one of the most horribly smart set) in my hearing the other day, "if I could only have a Buster Brown!" What, therefore, Father Vaughan, in fiery sermons, has failed to accomplish, may be enacted by Mr. Outcault, with his flaxen-haired, blue-eyed sixpenn'orth of halfpence.

The Christmas Book is the title of a novelty issued by Mr. Grant Richards (1s.). Its aim is to enable the possessor to keep, year by year, a list of the friends one wishes to remember at Christmas, and also a list of the presents one gives each year, to prevent the same kind of gift being bestowed twice on the same person. Personally, I rather deplore this introduction of book-keeping into the field of gift-giving. If we cannot remember people's claims on our generosity without a book of their names, then had we better forget them altogether. As to desiring to assure ourselves from the risk of giving the same present twice, that threatens an awful state of affairs. Not to give father a pipe because we gave him one in 1903, or Tommy a penknife because we gave him one in 1904! This deprives us of the priceless privilege of repetition and imposes on us the awful task of thinking out something new each successive year—a well-nigh impossible strain on the imagination.

For people who eschew books as Christmas gifts for children because too unoriginal a present, Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. have a neat idea. Books which, while they are books, are about as unlike books as books can possibly be! Long, tapering little tomes to go into the waistcoat pocket—fat, squat, diminutive books! My illustration of the cover of "Ten Little Nigger Boys" gives an idea of the sort of thing Messrs. Treherne go in for. Their catalogue should be obtained from 12, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

Facetiæ of a porcine nature—that is the most ponderous phrase I can think of to describe the "fittings" of Messrs. Dean and Son's *Pig Book*. Humorous allusions to pigs and pork, quoted from proverbs, amusing rhymes, literature, poetry and philosophy adorn each page, and also humorous sketches of porkers in various attitudes (the *Pig Book* is, of course, a book in which to ask your friends and relations to draw the popular and toothsome quadruped blindfold). On page xvi. is illustrated an example of the blindfold

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